

THE ASHBURIAN



**ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA**

VOLUME XXXIII

1949



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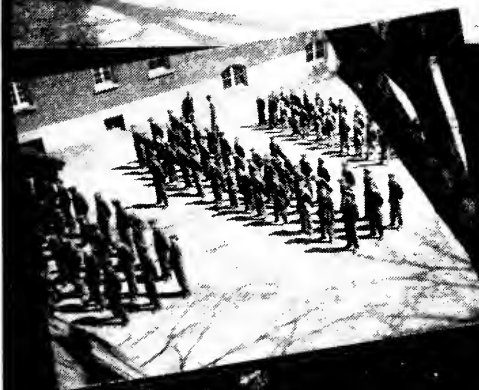


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To the late

COL. E. F. NEWCOMBE, K.C.

*President of Ashbury College 1934-'38; 1943-'49
and*

Friend of the School for Many Years

THIS ISSUE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

THE STAFF

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B.A., Bishop's University, Lennoxville

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Exeter College, Oxford

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Kingston

Junior School:

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Captain of the Boarders

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A. MACRAE

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B. HENEY

R. MACNEIL

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Woolcombe

H. DREYFUS

Connaught

E. CASTELLO

VICE-CAPTAINS

A. MACRAE

D. HENEY

GAMES CAPTAINS

Football

H. S. PRICE

Hockey

R. DARBY

Cricket

H. DREYFUS

Soccer

B. HENEY

Skiing

G. ROSS

VICE-CAPTAINS

Football

H. DREYFUS

Hockey

D. HENEY

Cricket

D. HENEY

Soccer

W. CLARK

Skiing

H. S. PRICE

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LT. D. HENEY

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LT. H. S. PRICE

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Company Sergeant Major

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Assistant Editors

R. MACNEIL

D. HALL

EDITORIAL

THE year 1948-'49 has been, up to the time of writing, a pleasant and a profitable one. Its general harmony was, however, marred by a note of gloom, struck during the Easter Holidays when Ashbury suffered a severe loss in the death of the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Colonel Edmund F. Newcombe, K.C., to whose memory this issue is respectfully and affectionately dedicated.

Colonel Newcombe, son of the late Edmund L. Newcombe, former Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, was an Old Boy of Ashbury, a graduate of McGill University and for many years, a barrister of this city. Since his retirement from the army, where he served with distinction in the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry during the First Great War, his activities have been prominent and varied in professional, charitable and social spheres. Nevertheless, since his appointment as Chairman of the Board of Governors, his brilliant mind, his energies, his sound knowledge and unfailing judgment were ever at the disposal of the school, and from the hour of his appointment to the date of his tragic and untimely death his helpful, active interest in Ashbury was never known to flag.

All of us present at Ashbury, as well as many others who have gone before, will long remember Colonel Newcombe—not only for his official participation in school ceremonies, but for those innumerable occasions when he was to be seen in any weather on the side lines of school sports. It gives us a glow of pleasure and of gratitude to know that his interest in us went far beyond the official interest of a Chairman of the board; it was the interest of an Old Ashburian and of a warm and devoted friend.

SCHOOL NOTES



THE School opened on September 14, 1948, with a goodly number of hopeful New Boys and equally hopeful Old Boys. Besides the new boys we also welcomed to the School three new members of the teaching staff, Mr. W. A. Edge, Mr. G. C. Drayton, and Lieutenant G. W. Higgs.

Entertainment

Several very enjoyable House Dances were held during the year. As usual, they were held in the

Memorial Dining Hall and with excellent music and refreshments the events were highlights in their respective terms.

On All Hallow's Eve the School was given a rare treat in one of Mr. Oliver's all too infrequent ventriloquism acts. Movies, too, were shown, refreshments served, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was had by all. Many thanks are due those who planned and ran the event.

The first Monday evening of the first term was football night. Although



not a new institution in the School, that evening's entertainment was conducted along the most novel lines. It started with a free-for-all question period in which the School's football enthusiasts, past, present and future literally swamped Don Loney, centre for Ottawa Rough Riders, with 'football'. This period was followed by a coloured movie of two recent Rough Rider games to which Don supplied a most instructive running commentary. Then, and this is the most in-

triguing part, we were 'on the air', as CFRA's weekly Quarterback Club. Here several more Ottawa football stars were questioned over the air in the manner followed by that weekly broadcast. The guests were, Tommy Shields, Ace Powell and John Waggoner, and I am sure that the proximity of these 'gods' added much to an already well planned and enjoyable evening.

On December 3rd and May 2nd the Staff were hosts at two Parents' Receptions. During these two evenings, both attended by Their Excellencies, the Viscount and Lady Alexander, and many other parents, parents and staff alike spent several enjoyable hours discussing their common interest—the boys.

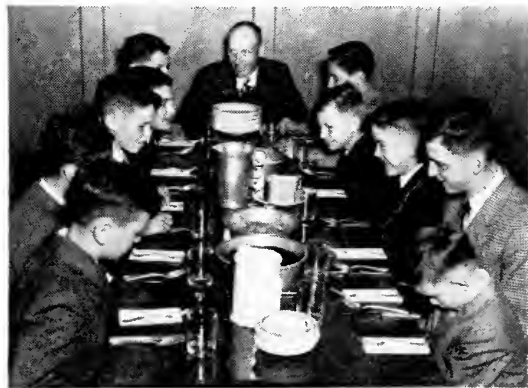
Again, every Saturday night throughout the year we have had a full program of movies. All kinds of films were shown to satisfy the various interests of the boys. We have had musicals, such as 'The Bells of St. Mary's'; mysteries like 'And Then There Were None'; adventure films such as 'The Sullivans', and comedies like 'Holy Matrimony'. It would take far too much space to list all the movies, but we are sure that everyone who attended enjoyed them, and that they constituted a welcome diversion. Our grateful thanks to Mr. Sibley and his staff, consisting of Ross Kerr as chief projectionist, and Grimsdale as his assistant, who gave up their time on Saturday evenings in order that we should enjoy ourselves.

We think it fitting to record here the many visits we have had this year from Old Boys. A few of the visitors were: Howie Clark, Ritz Fair, Timmie Kenny, John Pettigrew, John Hooper, John Smith, Doug. Hall, Mike Room, Dave Mercer, Don MacDonald, Don Gardner, Gordie Fischel, Frank Rose, Chris Hampson, and many others who played in Old Boys' matches.

The Reverend and Mrs. T. C. B. Boon, of St. Mary's Vicarage, Jasper, Alberta, send cordial greetings to their many Ashburian friends from whom they received Christmas messages. They would much appreciate it if, in future, anyone who is kind enough to remember them at the festal season would put his address on his card, so that it may be personally acknowledged.

Dietetics

It is customary in these notes to make some reference to the quality of the School's food during the past year. We can only say here that this year words cannot express our thanks to Miss Burroughs for a good job 'well done'. (No pun intended).



Health

We feel also that an even greater vote of thanks than usual should go to Miss MacLaughlin and Miss Redmond for what has been a year unrivalled in the excellence of the health of the School.

Other Activities

On October 7th many of the more politically minded of the seniors attended the Progressive Conservative Convention. In the too short hours witnessing the election of Mr. George Drew as leader of the Party in Canada, those who attended learned much of the procedure of such nationally important events.

On May 29th, as a follow up to the annual Cadet Corps inspection, a picked contingent from the School paraded, by invitation, with the Governor-General's Foot Guards in a ceremonial dress parade through Ottawa. The cadets, led by Cadet Captain R. MacNeil with several senior N.C.O.'s marched with a precision of which the School may well be proud.



Clubs

This year the usual school clubs functioned with customary popularity. Good attendance was in evidence at all meetings, and we are sure that by now a sound basis has been laid for the clubs of future years.

The Debating Society held two meetings of note, the first of which occurred in the Assembly Hall on November 19th. MacRae, Scott II, Fraser and Gardner debated the point resolved: that pictures are a better medium of education than is the written word. The motion was defeated.

At the second meeting the topic for discussion was: should formal examinations be abolished. The motion was carried.

In all, some good speeches were made and some excellent debating talent uncovered for future years.

The Science Club, under Mr. Sibley's guidance, had many successful gatherings the reports on which will be found elsewhere in this magazine.

The Cercle Français, though handicapped by lack of time, was successful in its one meeting. This took the form of a visit to the Little Theatre to see two French plays competing in the Festival Dramatique Français. The plays were, 'National 6', and 'Les Irascibles'. Both were excellently presented and the evening made quite a novel experience in the history of the Cercle Français.

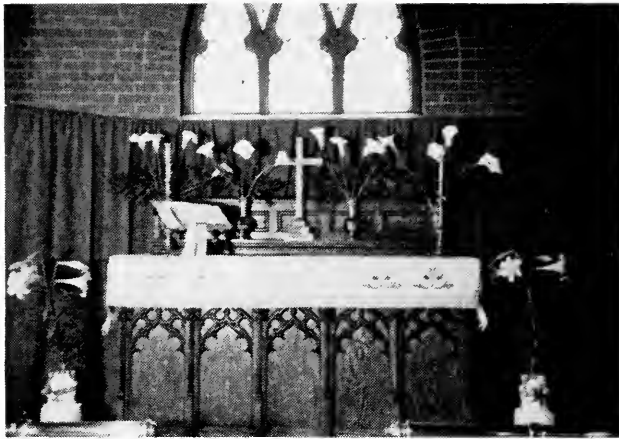
The Riding Club operated every Saturday morning throughout the year, and much improvement was noticeable in the riding of the beginners and old hands alike. Two cups were entered for competition, and both were won by the Scott brothers. Much praise is due to Colonel Brine and all others connected with the running of this valuable and enjoyable project.

And so ends this record. It is a record, not of the highlights of the school year, but of those things which, if forgotten, would leave many a name unmentioned, many a deed unsung.

In conclusion, we wish God's speed to Mr. Edge, Miss Thoms and Miss Redmond in any walk of life into which their journeys from Ashbury may take them. It is sad to see them go, but they can be assured that the School will not forget their contribution to the success of the year, and that there will ever be a place for them in the hearts of Ashburians.

Thus we end a prosperous year, a gainful year, a happy year, but more important still—another year.

R. MacN.



CHAPEL NOTES

THE first Sunday service of this school year was Matins on September 19th. Our Chaplain read the service and the "Head" spoke to us of Christ's life, showing that it was a fact of history and neither legend nor fraud.

On October 3rd, our first communion celebration, we were addressed by Mr. Brain. He spoke of the importance of the communion service in our lives; how it made us aware of our sins, of the need of repentance and the efficacy of the sacrament itself.

We were pleased to welcome the Reverend Canon G. P. Woollcombe, the founder of our school, to the chapel on the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, October 24. He spoke to us on the parable of the Talents. A memorable part of his address was, "Either you approach nearer to the Lord, or you will drift farther and farther away; there is no standing still."

The next Sunday Mr. D. S. Penton, Headmaster of Lower Canada College, spoke to the school. He suggested we live our lives with a goal ahead of us of improving the world, not of making as much money as possible.

On November 28, the First Sunday in Advent, our Chaplain went out to All Saints' Church in Westboro, while their rector, the Reverend W. D. M. Christie came here. In an excellent address Mr. Christie told us of the need for discipline in all branches of life and especially in the church.

The last Sunday morning service of the Michaelmas term was December 12. The Head reminded us that we should spend Christmas as a Holy Day, not as a holiday (commercial carnival), as is generally accepted today. That Sunday evening over one hundred and fifty

candles lit the chapel for a beautiful carol service. The carols sung all originated in different countries as our chaplain explained to us. We were pleased to have so many visitors, who all said they enjoyed the service immensely.

On January 23, Canon Bertal Heeney was the preacher. He told us of the value of prayers in general and of the Prayer Book in particular.

Mr. Belcher told us of the literary value of the bible and the craftsmanship of its translators. He talked to us on January 30.

On February 20 the school paid its annual visit to Christ Church Cathedral. The service as always was most impressive as was the Dean's sermon on sneering.

On March 13 the school was addressed by Major the Reverend James Barnett. Major Barnett is the Command Chaplain for the Montreal area. He served with the Royal Rifles of Quebec and was a prisoner of war for four years in Hong Kong. It was on his experiences in captivity that he addressed us, and how he spent a post-war Christmas in Japan at the time of the War Trials. He left no doubt in our minds as to the power of Christianity in the lives of some Japanese, telling us of one who had repeatedly risked his life to bring some comfort to the prisoners of war.

On Good Friday we said Matins at ten o'clock. The chapel was stripped of ornaments and the immovable brass was draped. It looked very impressive. This was one of the few Good Fridays when the school has been in session.

Easter Sunday was celebrated with an early morning Communion Service, and with Matins at eleven. There were several visitors present for these services. The chapel was bedecked with glistening brass and colourful flowers to end the Lenten season. Throughout this season we had been frequently addressed by the chaplain in short weekday talks on the significance and importance of that part of the Christian year.

On the 24th April Colonel Brine's annual address told us of the value of Christianity to the boys.

Our last guest speaker was Mr. D. R. Thomas, former bursar and loyal friend of the school. He gave us a scholarly talk on education and the importance of making the most of our opportunities.

Our first weekday services were in connection with Remembrance Day. On Tuesday, November 2, Mr. B. Alexandor gave us a short talk on the significance of Poppy Day. On the 11th, at our Remembrance Day service, the late chairman of the Board of Governors and Mr. C. Gale read the lessons, Canon Woolcombe took a part of the service and Mr. Glass read the Roll of Honour. The following Sunday Mr. Belford told us about the ideals for which the soldiers of the last two wars died.

On Thursday, February 24, St. Matthias Day, was the annual Confirmation service, conducted as usual by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa. Assisting him were the Reverend A. T. Carson, Rector of St. Bartholomew's, the Reverend A. J. Anderson, Diocesan Secretary, and Canon Woolcombe. The Chaplain presented the following boys for confirmation: Philip Foulkes, Richard Busk, Richard Kemp, Hugh MacNeil, Lewis Abbott, David Livingston, Michael Mann, Gerald Ross, Laurie Hart, and Peter Gilman.

As usual the Leaving Service, attended by the Senior boys and their parents preceded the prize giving ceremonies outside.

The year has been a good one for the chapel. We have had thirty-two Sunday morning services, and an equal number of evening ones, as well as prayers twice daily. There have been nine services of Holy Communion at which there have been a total of two hundred and seventeen communicants. For sixteen of our Sunday morning services we have had the most welcome company of Elmwood, our sister school.

The Reverend W. J. Belford provided a most educational and interesting set of services, coloured by Mr. L. H. Sibley, our organist and his choir. Assisting them as chapel clerks were Donald Lyon, Peter Hargreaves, and Donald Hall.
D. Hall.

FOOT-BALL



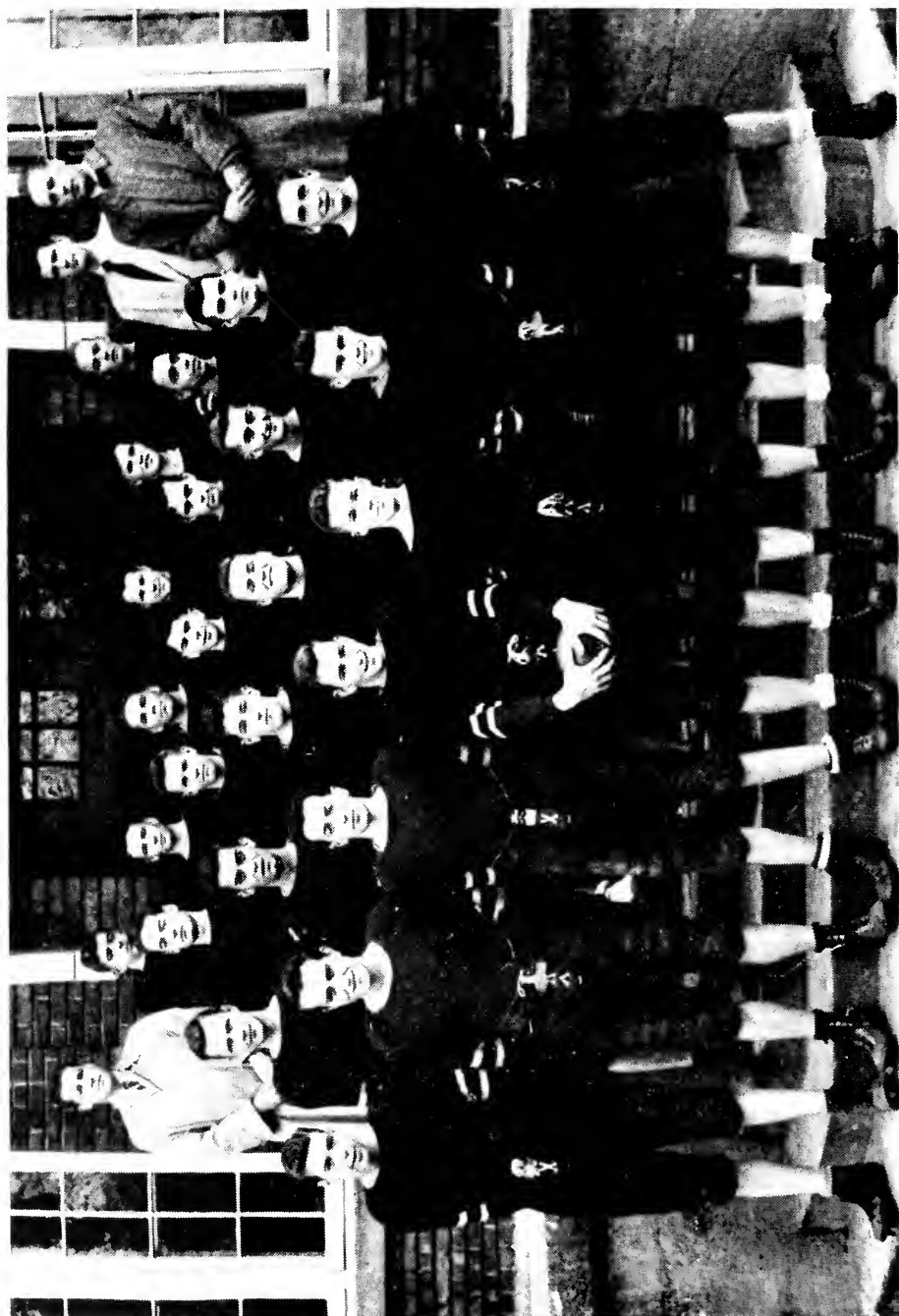
FIRST FIELD RUGBY

THIS season was a much better one for Ashbury than we have seen for the past few years.

First Bishops Game

On October 2 Ashbury played host to Bishop's College in ideal football weather. Ashbury got off to a rather shaky start; Bishops scored several long ground gains which resulted in three rouges and three points. The Bishops squad had things their own way throughout the first quarter and early part of the second in which they scored an unconverted touchdown. At the ten minute mark of the second quarter Henry Dreyfus gathered in a Bishops pass and ran over for a major; the officials, however, ruled that he stepped out at the forty yard marker and the play was recalled. Two short, Pritchard to Dreyfus, passes advanced the ball to the Bishops 8 yard stripe where Bob Darby carried the oval, and several Bishops players, over for our first touchdown. The convert was unsuccessful. A Bishops fumble and several good ground plays paved the way for our second touchdown when

FIRST RUGBY TEAM



Back row: Shannette, Gill, Gottlieb, Wells I, VanderVoort, Brouse, Yates
 3rd row: Mr. Glass, Wood, Bryce, McInnes, Artola, Setton, Lieut. Higgs
 2nd row: Thomas, Castello, Lee, Hart I, Sudar, Lyon
 Front row: Brown, Earl, Dreyfus, Price, Ross I, Pritchard I, Darby

Darby again plunged over. Pritchard converted. Early in the fourth quarter Andy Pritchard on an attempted plunge found no hole so lugged the pikskin around the end for a forty-five yard gain and a major score to complete our scoring. The boys from Lennoxville gave their all in the final minutes to try and whittle down the Ashbury lead but were unable to dent the red front wall. Final score—Ashbury 17, Bishops 8.

Second Bishops Game

Twenty days later a jubilant Ashbury team left for Lennoxville in high hopes of repeating their victory. Things seemed to go badly for Ashbury right from the starting whistle. Our offensive lacked punch and our defence left a great deal to be desired. Bishops had things pretty much their own way in the first half. Early in the first quarter they plunged over for a major score, which they converted. Ashbury hopes were raised a few minutes before half time when Gillis Ross, quarterback, accepted a long pass from Andy Pritchard and galloped 35 yards unmolested for our only major score. From there on, however, Ashbury never got going again and the home team racked up a touchdown and a field goal to win the game 14 to 5.

In the home and home series each team scored 22 points, which enabled Bishops to hang onto the "Old Boys Cup" for another season.

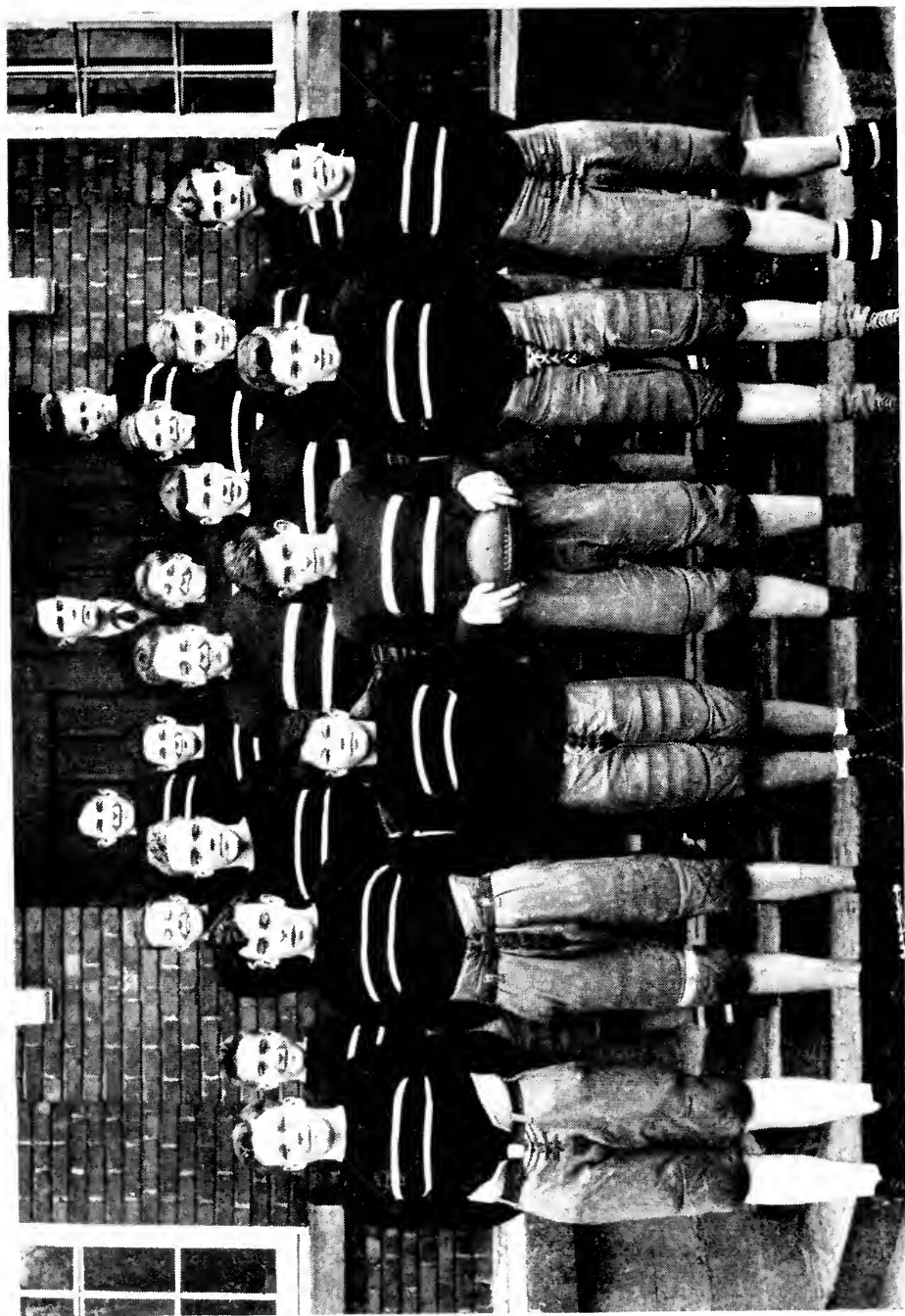
Lower Canada College Game

L.C.C. visited us on Saturday, October 30th, for our final game of the season. Many about the school were doubtful as to the outcome because the Montreal team were reported to be superior to ours and Bishops.

In th first quarter a series of plunges and passes advanced our boys to the L.C.C. 30 yard line. Pritchard kicked and their back was tackled for a rouge, giving us a lead of one point. On a sleeper play Ross made our first touchdown. The convert was blocked; leaving the score at 6 to 0. In spite of superior playing by Ashbury L.C.C. pushed over a major score in the second quarter to tie the score 6-6. On another sleeper play Ross galloped down the field for a fifty yard gain. The stage was set for a touchdown by Ross on a quarterback sneak after Darby made fourteen on a plunge over right niddle. Towards the end of the quarter L.C.C. pushed us back to our one yard line where our lads held off three assaults to take the ball on downs. A few minutes later, Price, our captain, intercepted a desperation pass for a 76 yard gain.

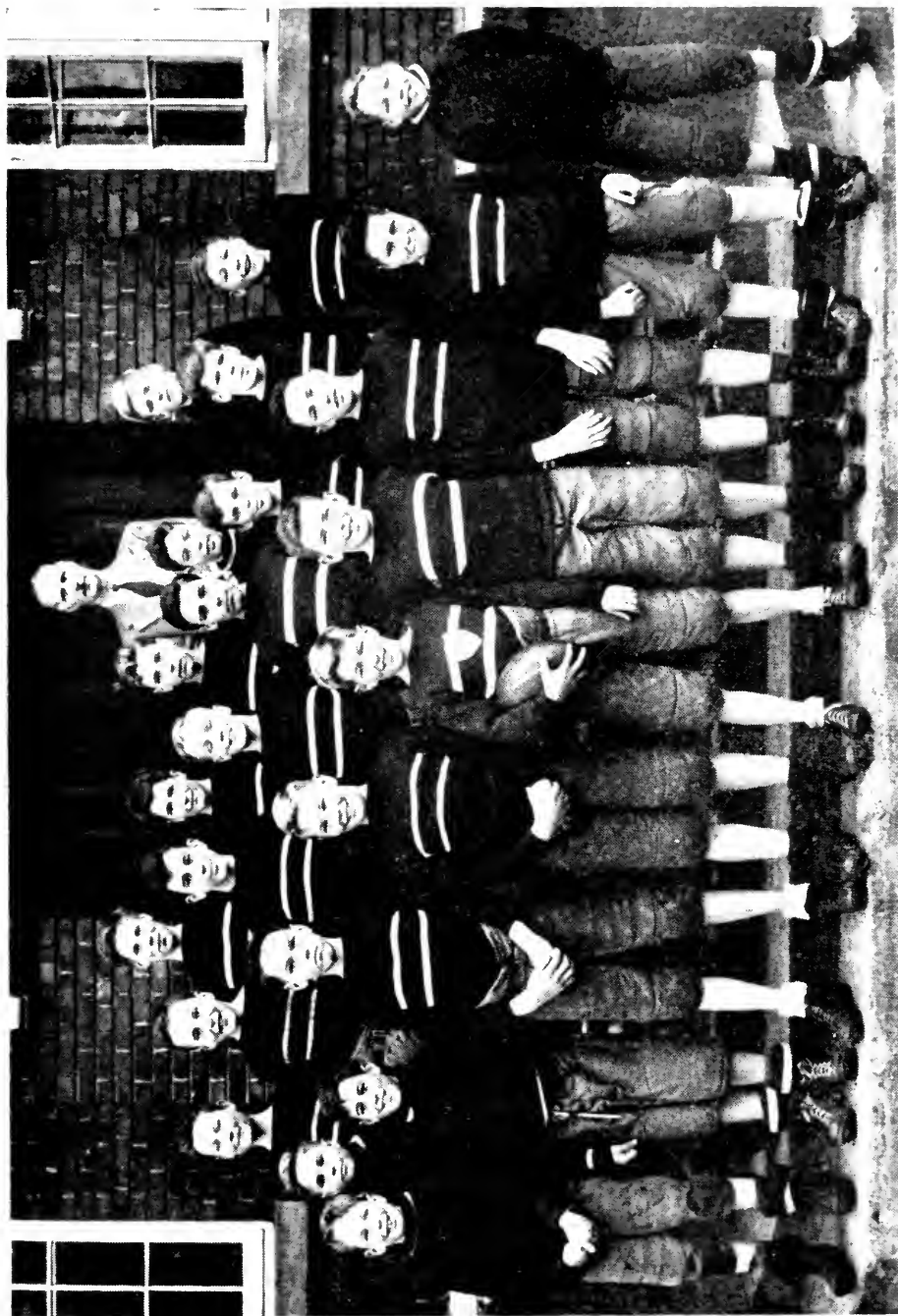
In the last quarter L.C.C. made a series of passes and plunges culminating in an end run from our fifteen yard stripe to bring their score to 11. The final score 11-11.

SECOND FIELD RUGBY TEAM



Back row: Cooper, Mr. Edge, McCulloch II
 3rd row: Parsons, Wharton, Hart II, Sobie I
 2nd row: Sobie II, Poirier, Langevin, MacCordick, Layken, Ferguson
 Front row: Gardener, Burgoyne, Dalrymple, Foulkes, Cullwick, Smith

THIRD FIELD RUGBY TEAM



3rd row: Ackland, Wild, Shurly, Ryan
 2nd row: Wells II, West, Livingston, Bailey I, Carrasco, Custer, Baron, Nowakowski
 Front row: Rhodes II, Baer, Solbie III, Finlay II, Maxwell, Scott II, Rhodes I, Dillon,
 Pritchard II, Beavers

SECOND RUGBY FIELD TEAM

IN their several games this year the Second Field Team proved un-
 availing in their efforts to produce a win and ended the season with
 nothing more gratifying to show than some promising material for
 next year's rugby.

Their first opponents—Lindenlea Rockets, proved more than ade-
 quate opposition on several occasions, but the experience gained and
 the spirit inspired in these amicable matches was, to say the least,
 auspicious.

The first Ashbury-Rocket match was interesting, exciting and
 bloodless. Foulkes, the Ashbury captain, proved a most effective
 kicker, and MacLaren's run-backs were very successful. Unfortunately,
 for Ashbury, Renne, the Rocket's captain, was brilliant in his perform-
 ance. His line plunges, end-runs and tackles were spectacular and the
 result was a 7-6 victory for Lindenlea.

A return watch was arranged for the following week and in this
 engagement Renne was once more the deciding factor. Although
 Ashbury were in scoring positions on numerous occasions they failed
 to carry the ball over the goal line, and the Rockets won by the score
 of 10-0. Wharton and Cullwick, both of Ashbury, played well, with
 the former making sensational tackles and the latter catching many
 long forward passes.

AGAINST BISHOP'S

BISHOP'S rapidly moving backfield and ponderous line soon proved
 too much for the light Ashbury team. The latter showed excellent
 team spirit throughout the match, but their line failed to halt the steady
 Bishop's onslaught. The match came to an end with a 32-0 victory
 for Bishop's. Foulkes, MacLaren and Cullwick were outstanding for
 Ashbury.

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY

THE third field had a fairly successful season and showed excellent
 spirit at all times. We managed to overcome our friends of Sed-
 bergh School on two occasions in home and home games and we
 generally gave a good account of ourselves against a mixed assortment
 of local teams. David Scott was elected Captain by the team and proved
 himself an enthusiastic and hard-working leader. Finlay II for his pass
 throwing, Dillon for his running and Ned Rhodes for his remarkable
 kicking of converts deserve special mention. It is only to be hoped
 that as large as possible a number of these boys of the 1948 3rd Rugby
 Field may be allowed and care to keep together through their school
 days at Ashbury—here is the making of a fine team. No mention of
 Junior School football, hockey or cricket would be complete without
 mention of Mrs. Rhodes and Mrs. Scott who enthusiastically supported
 us at every game—we thank these ladies for their loyal support. E.G.B.

SOCCER

ASHBURY vs. SEDBERGH

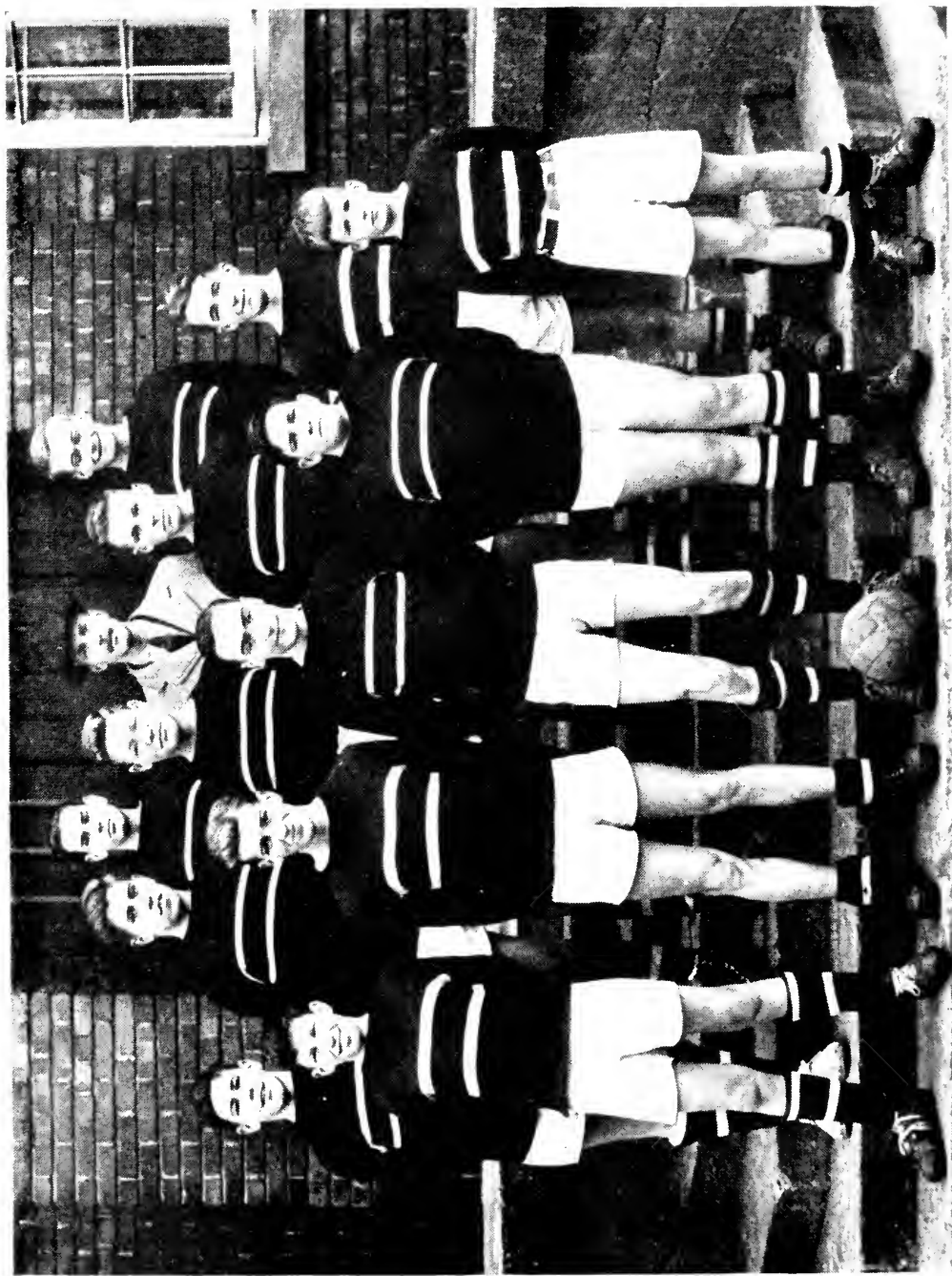
ON A cool and pleasant Thursday, October 7th, Ashbury Soccer XI played hosts to Sedbergh on our first football field. Both teams were obviously somewhat lost playing on such a large piece of terrain; but perhaps Sedbergh suffered more in this respect, for although their condition was evidently better than ours, they didn't press this advantage to the full and only looked dangerous two or three times. On each occasion, Heney I, Clark, or Kerr I (or some combination thereof) parried the thrust. Pettigrew was easily the outstanding player for our opponents, but his halves worked well with him to form a constant threat to the security of our goal. For us, perhaps Gutierrez was the most useful but, due to lack of speed, was in no way the scoring menace he usually was on our small practice field. Cray, on the right wing, was nursing a weak ankle and was not able to feed our centre with his customary long passes in front of the goal from the touchline. On one occasion, Sedbergh forced their way past our defence but luckily for us in such a way as to be clearly offside. Kerr breathed again and the score remained 0-0 until the final whistle. The Sedbergh goalie spent a lonely afternoon but cheered up again after some cakes and cocoa in Hall.

The game was chiefly notable for lost opportunities due to weak kicking with the 'wrong' foot and poor control of the ball with regard to bounce and spin, Pettigrew and Gutierrez being honourable exceptions.

That we were lucky to hold Sedbergh to a tie was quickly evident when we played the return match two weeks later in Montebello. It was agreed at the outset to play an 8-man side as the ground was not really big enough to make a good game for 11 a side. This gave nearly all our players an occasional rest and they needed it for Sedbergh pressed strongly and were soon banging in goals with some regularity. Pettigrew, as usual, was the chief cause for concern, being fed plenty of scoring passes by his lieutenants. Cray again twisted his ankle, thus reducing the strength of our forward line almost to zero, he being our only strong kicker besides our fullbacks and Gutierrez. Abbott and Grimsdale played well but lacked the speed and strength necessary to force a score. Final score on this occasion was 5-0 and no mistake.

This disagreeable portion of the afternoon's agenda being complete, we quickly turned to pleasanter activities—consumption of a magnificent tea in the senior common room. MacRae and cohorts soon showed our kind hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, how bracing the Montebello air can be.

THE SOCCER TEAM



3rd row: Morales, Mr. Powell, Clark
2nd row: Cottingham, Yrarraval, Kerr I, MacRae, Brownlee
Front row: Grimsdale, Cray, Hency I, Gutierrez, Abbott

HOUSE GAME

SHORTLY after the rugby season had ended, clans Woolcombe and Connaught gathered with blood in their eye for the annual comedy called a house soccer match. Anything less like soccer could scarcely be imagined but perhaps the Ancient Order of Hibernians would recognize in it some faint echo of a charwomen's hurling match, without shillelaghs. To see linemen of the first football XII galumphing about in shorts with little or no idea of how to manage a spherical football is more than flesh and blood should be required to endure, but endure it annually we do.

Interspersed among these behemoths, one could occasionally catch a fleeting glimpse of a first soccer XI forward making dainty pirouettes, for all the world like a goat loose among some North American Bison.

The outcome of the game (to wit, nervous exhaustion of all forwards and halves) was never in doubt, and the south-westerly gale of wind made proceedings if anything more absurd. After some three-quarters of an hour of ineffectual shouting, gesticulating, and surreptitious handling of the ball, it was centred, doubtless by accident, in front of the Connaught goal. (At this point it would be only decent to draw the veil across the next few moments, but your scribe has a duty to perform). Then, rudely trampling Kerr into the grass, what seemed like 75 percent of the Woolcombe team formed a hacking, snarling box around the ball, proceeded through the goalmouth, and emerged triumphantly halfway to the Headmaster's house, claiming a score.

What was undeniable was that the ball, after striking some portion of Cray's person, had passed beneath the crossbar. It must be admitted that a good deal besides had passed that way as well. The referee, a Woolcombe man, loyally (i.e. without a blush or a moment's hesitation) and magisterially pointed to centre-field and the inglorious business proceeded to its dismal end with the score 1-0 in Woolcombe's favour. Dreyfus, Heney II, Pritchard I, Gutierrez, and Wood did their best to make it a soccer game but to no avail; it remained a typical game of 'housoccer'.

TALKS BY VISITORS

MR. LYON

ON Wednesday, October 6th, Mr. Hugh Lyon, former Headmaster of Rugby School in England, was kind enough to pay a visit to Ashbury.

In an informal talk with the Headmaster and the prefects, Mr. Lyon generously answered questions on the organization and routine life of Rugby.

Later, in his address to the assembled school, Mr. Lyon told us something of his school. He said that Rugby was old, by our standards. It is a tendency of old schools either to become self-satisfied or to become tired. Should this happen it is the duty of the newer schools to carry on the old tradition. Part of this tradition is not to place too much emphasis on the material things of life. Mr. Lyon said that later in life one could see more clearly how the material things of life are not all-sufficient, how something more is necessary; something embodying the higher principles of life.

In conclusion Mr. Lyon said that he considered it a great privilege to be able to speak to such a school as Ashbury, and to deliver his message to those to whom he looked to carry on the old tradition.

THE FOUNDER

ON Thursday, October 7th, Canon Woolcombe, founder and first Headmaster of Ashbury, came to the school to make his annual address. In a very interesting lecture Dr. Woolcombe told the boys the school's history, how it had been founded in 1891, and how it had moved from place to place until it had taken over the twelve acres it now possesses in Rockcliffe Park. We were told the story behind the school's name, how it had been named after an estate in England which had belonged to the Woolcombes.

Dr. Woolcombe said that he felt that every boy in the school should know something about his school, and he addressed his remarks particularly to the new boys.

In conclusion, Canon Woolcombe wished us all a happy year, and, as is his custom, asked the Head for a half-holiday for the school. Mr. Glass complied, and amid cheers of elation, especially from the smaller boys, our founder left us for another year. A. MacR.

CAPTAIN SIR R. STIRLING-HAMILTON AND CAPTAIN CUSTER

ON THE afternoon of Thursday, November 25th, the school had the pleasure of hearing speak Capt. Sir Robert Stirling-Hamilton, and Capt. B. S. Custer of the Royal and United States Navies respectively, who told us of their adventures in the northern Canadian wilderness.

The speakers were introduced by Mr. Glass. He said that he was rather embarrassed introducing such senior officers as they, with reference to his former rank of lieutenant, and so he preferred to introduce them as just two loyal fathers of Ashburians. On a more serious note, Mr. Glass said that he considered their adventure would be of great interest to us all, and proceeded to introduce Capt. Custer.

Capt. Custer was to tell us how it happened that they had to land on the lake. The following is approximately the text of his speech.

They left Churchill at 8.30 on the first morning of their trip. The weather was overcast, and they checked the magnetic compass as they were taking off. Though Capt. Custer was in favour of flying close to the ground, the other pilot who was a Pacific veteran with a good deal of experience thought it would be a good idea to fly over the clouds, especially since the meteorologist or "rain-maker" had predicted clear flying after 40 minutes of bad weather. Unfortunately they hit snow, so that the radio became iced up, and the gyro went bad. Not realizing this, however, they continued to steer their twin-engined Beechcraft by the gyro. Now, in the forward baggage compartment, there had been loaded an iron box, and this shifted, fouling the compass. Capt. Custer later calculated that this compass had been 70° off.

It appears that they had held their course for the first 10 minutes after leaving Churchill, but that then on climbing over the clouds, their instruments had set them off, so that they kept flying westward into the storm front. Realizing the error, they turned south, actually assuming their original course of 210° . They did this in hopes of reaching The Pas, because the ceiling there was better than at Churchill on account of the storm, being 6000-8000 feet at The Pas, but only 500 feet at Churchill. It turned out that they came out over Reindeer Lake, as they later identified it. Near this lake there are magnetic ore deposits, so that their compass needle spun round and round, and was of no use to them. By now they had only one hour's gas left, so they held a council to decide upon their next move. They decided to steer what they calculated to be west, and to send an SOS. They also decided to land while they still had gas and altitude, because power landings are safer than those without power.

Next, the Petty Officer on board got rid of the door by detaching and dropping it. Then they came down on the lake (there were two, this being the smaller) with their wheels up, cut the switches, and landed smoothly. They stepped out in muskeg, then surveyed their situation, and decided that instead of heading east across the muskeg to the big lake as they had originally intended, that they should go west instead to higher, firmer ground. This was a struggle of some 300 yards across the muskeg, where they sank knee-deep at each step. The first thing they did on reaching solid ground was to offer a prayer of thanks to God for their safe landing.

At this point Capt. Custer's address came to a conclusion and Capt. Stirling-Hamilton continued. His part of the story was to tell how the expedition fended for themselves while stranded.

When they had reached firm ground above the muskeg they proceeded to evacuate such equipment as was in the aircraft. When this was done, Capt. Custer called a conference to take stock of their provisions. They found that they had the following on hand: 16 sandwiches, a number of tins of fruit juice, and some chocolate bars. As it happened, there was on board a United States army sergeant with thirty years' service. He was, as he thought, going home on furlough. He had some jam, some chocolates, and some emergency tablets. In the way of ammunition they had a .22 rifle with 48 rounds, and three U.S. service pistols with 50 rounds. They had no axe. There were seven parachutes on hand; these they used to make tents and shelters. At this point it was still showering, as it had been since they landed. Accordingly they put their equipment under one of the parachute tents they had rigged up. They were short of clothes, but it was on two scores principally that the party was worried. The first was their shortage of "ammo", the second was approach of cold weather. This they expected in 4 to 6 weeks and to have been caught in a merciless northern winter might have meant starvation and death for all of them.

They decided to remain where they were for 5 days in hope of the appearance of a rescue plane, and if, at the end of that time, no help was in sight, they would make the long march to civilization.

In the meantime they set about making a better camp. The engineer sergeant made a shelter out of pine boughs and a parachute, but unfortunately the boughs touched the cloth, and the rain poured through. The sapper fixed this by lifting the cloth out of contact with the boughs.

After this they set out to look for food. The first things they found were blueberries. They also found some large toadstools, but there was immediately some doubt as to their edibility. One of the crew eventually persuaded the others that a sure-fire test would be to boil the toadstools together with a quarter. If the quarter turned black, then the fungus was poison. The quarter did not turn black, so the sponsor ate some of the toadstools. All night the others kept a wary eye on him, ready to man the stomach pump. But, by the next day the man was still well, so everyone had some. They were found to be tasteless and leathery, and the situation was made worse by a lack of salt.

The .22 provided them with birds and squirrels, but the meat was only sufficient to make soup.

At this point Capt. Custer went off to find the other lake which they had sighted from the air, and on his return he found a porcupine. This animal kept the five of them going for three days.

They had agreed to wait five good flying days for help, and then start walking. They had, however, three days of bad weather in between, so that they were in camp for a week. By then more food was needed, so a party was organized, and went to the big lake in search of game. They found some spruce grouse. There were also some deer tracks, but no sign of the deer. However, they got eight or nine birds.

Then the party decided to attract attention with smoke fires. Accordingly they found a fine straight tree, heaped brushwood around it, and lit a fire. The flames roared up the tree and went out. Though they tried this on other occasions, they met with little success.

On the eighth day, they started to walk out. They made packs carrying their provisions, but these proved too heavy, and had to be lightened. For the first day on the march they had the good luck to be walking through burnt out forest. On that day they covered fifteen miles, ten of them in the right direction. All the time they kept going south and west.

The first night was spent under an improvised parachute shelter. Every night they built a large fire to keep themselves warm and the animals away.

The second day they ran into fallen timber, piled four or five feet high, and this impeded them to such an extent that they were only able to progress at about one mile an hour. This lasted for two days. On the third night they found the meat was half bad. The wet and cold had spoiled it, and only two good grouse remained.

The next day as they were sitting by a lake they saw a Lancaster steering north. They figured that it flew over their aircraft, and sighted it. When the Lancaster sighted the 'plane they radioed for a flying boat. The flying boat went to the scene, and found the arrow made out of a torn parachute which the party had left behind. The pilot followed its direction, and picked up the trail from other similar arrows they had laid out. Realizing that rescue was at hand the party lit as big a fire as they could. The flying boat saw it, and dropped a message. The note was to the effect that the lake that they were by was too small to land on, and would they mind just nipping over to the next lake, which was bigger. Now this lake was four miles away, four miles of fallen timber. However, provided an incentive the group did the distance in record time. They were very pleased to see the crew that had come out to meet them. They spent that night on the 'plane.

After Capt. Stirling-Hamilton had thus explained the rescue to a breathless audience, Capt. Custer got up once again, to philosophize on the expedition.

He told us that at one point someone had said, "Oh for a dog to hunt with!" to which some joker replied, "If we had a dog we couldn't use him for hunting; we'd eat him!"

If you are making a trip, and crash, you must never leave your aircraft. For though the R.C.A.F. gives enough supplies for any emergency, yet there are plenty of jackasses who slip up in providing a plane. In this case a man had been assigned the job of checking the emergency kit, and he had fallen down on the job. There were no axe, no sleeping bags, no emergency ration, no pocket compass, no machete. With proper equipment they could have built a cabin and lasted all winter if necessary.

Everyone counted the days he had to live, being in direct proportion of the ammunition on hand. Capt. Custer said that in such times, one should enjoy one's last days, and should have something to fall back on, such as the Bible, poetry, and literature. He said that there were two important factors which helped them through the crisis, manners and religion. In the way of religion, they had prayers twice a day, for the night and for the trail. Ultimately, however, religion is between the individual and God.

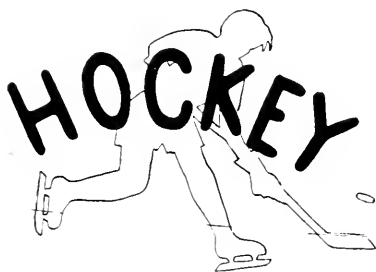
Manners are important to everybody. Capt. Custer cited as his example Capt. Stirling-Hamilton. Capt. Sir Robert Stirling-Hamilton, who had had 33 years in the service of His Majesty's Navy, had taught them all manners through his own shining example; he had been the lubrication which kept their nerves from getting on edge; he had kept up the general morale. In conclusion Capt. Custer quoted the following lines from Thackeray:

"Who misses or who wins the prize
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fall, or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

Mr. Glass then got up and thanked Capt. Custer and Capt. Stirling-Hamilton. He said that there was little he could say, but that their speech had been both entertaining and salutary. He would dispense with clichés. Ashbury was grateful for a wonderful experience.



Front row: A. Pritchard, D. Lyon, R. Darby, W. Lee, R. Kerr
 2nd row: D. Graham, W. Brownlee, J. Bladwin, B. Heney, I. MacLaren, G. Cray
 3rd row: R. Cherrfier, W. Sudar, G. W. Higgs, Esq., H. McInnes, W. Yates



THE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

THIS season the First Hockey Team started with only a few members from last year's team. But under the able coaching eye of Lieut. Higgs, and from the interest shown by players, a well-balanced team was produced which improved steadily as the season progressed.

At the beginning of the season a number of exhibition games were played against LaSalle Academy, Carleton College, and teams from the R.C.A.F. house league. All these games were helpful in gaining practice and experience for the team.

Two inter-school games were scheduled against Lower Canada and Bishop's. Unfortunately, the Bishop's game was cancelled due to a scarlet fever epidemic in Ottawa. The match with Lower Canada

was played in the Montreal Forum and proved to be an interesting and tightly played contest. Ashbury was minus sharp-shooting winger Doug Heney who was sidelined due to illness, and his presence was missed by the team. Goalie Bill Lee played outstandingly behind a hard-hitting defence and a shifty forward line. But L.C.C. had the edge in weight and experience and Ashbury ended up on the short end of a 3 to 1 score.

One match was played against the Old Boys. This game was enjoyable both from the point of view of the players and of the spectators. It was a close, sea-saw battle all the way. What the Old Boys lacked in condition they made up in hockey ability and roughness, and the game ended in a 6-4 score in their favour.

The annual Inter-House Hockey game was a Wollcombe House victory. Most of the Wollcombe House team was made up of First Field members, and their experience and defensive style of play overpowered a valiant Connaught House sextet.

Because the team was young, the season proved a valuable one in experience and knowledge. Next year we expect to have a large percentage of this year's team back and build a winning team.

JUNIOR SCHOOL HOCKEY

THE 3rd Field Hockey team had a very successful season this year. In the three way league (Sedbergh, Selwyn House and ourselves) we succeeded in defeating Sedbergh both at home and away. Although our margin of victory was a fairly comfortable one, Sedbergh put up a good fight in both games. As Selwyn House also defeated Sedbergh in both games we were doomed to meet Selwyn House in a sudden-death game in Montreal for the championship. The play was scoreless right to the middle of the third period, when Selwyn House scored in a scramble in front of our net. On the whole the game was a tight, well fought battle.

We had two games with our friendly rivals, Rockcliffe Public School. The first game we won 3-1. The second game was very exciting, being played in the Auditorium with the score 3-3 at the end of regular playing time and 4-4 at the end of overtime. A great deal of the success of our team was due to the excellent coaching and handling of the team by Col. Brine. Special praise must be given to such players as Dillon, Maxwell (who was captain), Sobie II and Finlay II for their great help to the team in paving our way to a successful season. C.N.

SKIING

*Captain—Ross 1**Vice-Captain—PRICE*

THE ski team had an encouraging year and achieved a very considerable amount of success. A four-man team, consisting of Ross I, Price, Wood and Gill, represented the school in an informal three-way meet against Sedbergh School, Montebello, quite early in the season. With Larry Wood winning both slalom and downhill, and placing second in the cross country, the team won the meet.

The next team competition was the all-important triangular meet with B.C.S. and L.C.C. For this meet Bob Bryce was added to the team for his cross-country ability and to make up the necessary five men. The meet was held on the week end of Saturday, February 26, at Hillcrest, in the Eastern Townships. On Saturday morning the downhill was held and was won by Scott Price, with Larry Wood second and Gillies Ross third. After lunch the slalom was held. Larry Wood, who had turned in the fastest time on the first run of this event, had the misfortune to fall and suffer a bad ankle injury in the second run. At first this seemed to ruin the team's chances, as four out of the five men are required to finish, and Bryce had refrained from racing in the downhill and slalom. This left only three finishers, but the L.C.C. and B.C.S. teams were kind enough to allow an average of our three times to be counted. On this basis we won the slalom, with G. Ross first and S. Price second. In these two events Ashbury had obtained a twenty point lead. The cross country race remained, and on its result rested the outcome of the whole meet. It was held the following morning. With Larry Wood absent, the team was considerably weakened. Bob Bryce clocked the best Ashbury time and placed third. Gillies Ross 5th, and Evan Gill 6th. Bishops won the event however, but only by 10 points, not enough to overtake our lead, and so Ashbury won the meet. Scott Price came first in the individual aggregate, and Gillies Ross came second.



THE SKI TEAM



Front row: H. Scott Price, G. Ross, F. Gill
Back row: W. Bryce, D. L. Polk, Esq., L. Wood

The Results:

ASHBURY—BCS—LCC

DOWNHILL	Points	CROSS COUNTRY	Points
1. Price, Ashbury	100.	1. McCulloch, B.C.S.	100.
2. Wood, Ashbury	97.3	2. Hugesson, B.C.S.	99.8
3. Ross, Ashbury	93.4	3. Bryce, Ashbury	98.5
SLALOM	Points	4. Wang, L.C.C.	97.2
1. Ross, Ashbury	100.	5. Ross, Ashbury	92.5
2. Price, Ashbury	99.6	6. Gill, Ashbury	91.8
3. Johnson, L.C.C.	87.7		

	Downhill	Slalom	Cross Country	TOTAL
Ashbury	361.7	284.3	371.3	1017.3
B.C.S.	361.0	261.4	382.6	1005.0
L.C.C.	343.7	259.4	335.7	938.8

The only other team competition in the season was the Eastern Canadian Interscholastic Championships, in which Ashbury entered a team in the Junior division. With Larry Wood still out of commission the team was limited to four members. In most meets teams consist of five members, the best four times counting in each event, so with only four, no allowance was made for an accident or a stroke of bad luck such as had happened at B.C.S. However, the team managed to place third in the combined score (less than a point behind St. Pat's), winning both slalom and downhill. Evan Gill completed the fastest slalom run in the junior division and Scott Price made the best time in the junior downhill.

Individually, the team members raced often at Camp Fortune and other ski centres, and each achieved his share of success; Evan Gill came third in the Junior downhill in the Central Canadian Championships with an excellent time; Scott Price turned in good times consistently on the Cote du Nord downhill run throughout the year; Larry Wood placed 5th in the Junior A men's division of the Tascherau Downhill at Mont Tremblant; Gillies Ross won the Junior slalom in the Journal Trophy races and came third in the Gatineau Ski Zone combined downhill and slalom for the year.

Many thanks go to Mr. Polk for his coaching and managership of the ski field and for his inestimable help and kindness throughout the year, most especially on the B.C.S. trip; and to Mr. W. R. Wright for his enthusiastic and generous support and encouragement of the team.

BOXING

SOME thirty enthusiastic boxers took part in a two week elimination series to produce eighteen finalists for the boxing tournament on Friday evening, Feb. 18. Before a packed gymnasium these boys put on an extremely good performance making up for what they lacked in ring skill by their determination to win. There was a good cross section of experienced boxers and green ring material that even the most fastidious boxing fan must have found entertaining.

The best bout of the evening was between Cyman Sobie and Hugh MacNeil. Both boys displayed considerable ring skill and both landed several good blows. Their final round ended with the boxers swinging freely in an attempt to win the nod of the judges and points for their school house.

In the welterweight class Evan Gill showed real promise to win the Grant Cup, presented to the boy showing the best ringcraft ability. Jimmy Finlay captured the crowds' fancy with a courageous and extremely aggressive display. He spotted Gillis Ross quite an edge in boxing ability and became the winner of the Rhodes Trophy, given for the most spirited and determined display in boxing.

Other winners were—70 lbs., Pat Beavers; 90 lbs., Geoffrey Carne; 112 lbs., Cyman Sobie; 126 lbs., Gillis Ross; 135 lbs., John Baldwin; 147 lbs., Evin Gill; 160 lbs., Bob Darby; 175 lbs., Don Johnson, and the heavyweight bout was won by Donald Lyon.

Points awarded for the inter-house competition were very close with Woolcombe House winning by a scant margin of three points.

His Excellency, Viscount Alexander, was an interested spectator and presented the winners with their respective awards along with his congratulations to all for a first rate show. G.W.H.



THE SCHOOL PLAY

THE Dramatic Societies of Ashbury College and Elmwood presented "Hay Fever", a comedy in three acts by Noel Coward, at the Little Theatre, March 11th, 1949.

Characters (in order of appearance)

Sorel Bliss	Sallie McCarter
Simon Bliss	Peter Hargreaves
Clara	Betsy Alexandor
Judith Bliss	Judy McCulloch
David Bliss	Robin MacNeil
Sandy Tyrell	Christopher Hart
Myra Arundel	Jackie Nothnagel
Richard Greatham	Donald Hall
Jackie Coryton	Judy Nesbitt

Produced and Directed by Beaufort Belcher.

In thanking the actors after the play, Mr. Belcher said: "This has been the best performance to date; if I made that same remark on a previous occasion, I assure you that I was as sincere in making it then as I am in repeating it now". When he said this, Mr. Belcher showed

also the sentiments of those of the audience whose memories went beyond two Ashbury-Elmwood productions. One member of the old guard even compared it favourably with the productions of the last ten years. This in itself, of course, is not praise. It only acquired that flavour when one remembered that the same person had been enthusiastic beforehand about the quality of all those ten previous productions.



In amateur dramatics the business of choosing a play and of casting it require a care and sensibility that are not called for on the professional stage, where long training should enable any actor to change his personality. Voice-range is particularly relevant. How often have we seen a play chosen whose range of emotions no untrained voice could compass. How often have we seen a play cast in such a way

that when acted none of the original play remained. "Hay Fever" had neither of these defects. Apart from the opening sequence, when one actor's voice is projected to the floor, and another's is muffled behind a book, it is a play that amateurs can do well. Moreover, the casting was excellent. Having grown accustomed to the youthful key in which it was played, we became part of its atmosphere without any further effort of imagination. There was no actor who did not justify his, or her, choice for the part. For example, who could have been more perfect in the role of Richard Greatham, the diplomatist who proves gauche when seen beside the undiplomatic Blisses? This, in fact, is the spirit of Mr. Coward's play—the contrast between what are called "down-to-earth" people and people of "highly strung temperament". We are never quite sure which side has our sympathy. Because of that we can laugh with the Blisses at the outsiders, and with the outsiders at the Blisses, without feeling that we have let our side down. The way in which Friday's audience did this is proof enough of the success of actors and producer. Laughter was neither wrongly-placed nor even embarrassed.

We would like to thank the hands behind the performance for charming and excellent sets and staging, and for all the little unidentifiable acts of support without which "Hay Fever" could have had none of the polish which characterized it. Finally, our gratitude for a real entertainment goes to Mr. Belcher, and to the work of the actors whose pleasure, we hope, was not only commensurate with their effort, but also with the pleasure which they afforded us.

C.G.D.



THE FORMAL

FOR some forty of us, the great anticipation culminating in an even greater realization came to an end on the night of Friday, April 8, for that was the night of our annual formal.

The school was beautifully decorated with streamers and crests, all in Ashbury colours—the prefects' common room was established as a sitting room for the prefects, and room F and the end of the hall for the remainder.

The receiving line was composed of the Headmaster and Mrs. Glass, and of Henry Dreyfus, in his capacity of Captain of the School, and Louisa Gill. The hosts were the prefects, and they saw to it that the event was the success it was. Lastly, many thanks are due to Toby Setton, Bill Clark and "Urbie" Urbanowicz, who, through the assistance they gave to the prefects, were instrumental in the achievement of the attractive atmosphere created by the decorations.

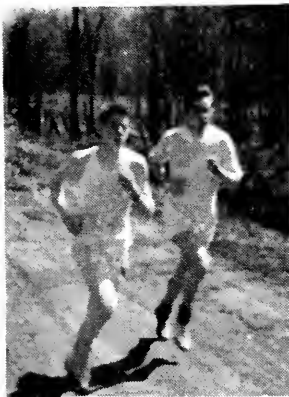
Among the guests, we were proud to welcome Cmdr. W. J. Ross, President of the Ottawa Branch of the Old Boys' Association, as well as Mr. Belcher and Mr. Heney, of our own staff. I feel sure that all those, who had the good fortune to be present will agree with me that it was an evening which they will not soon forget.



CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

On April 23rd, the day appointed for the annual running of the Cross-Country, we were again lucky in our weather conditions—bright and brisk, with good, dry footing for the race.

For the Senior event there were only nine contestants. MacNeil I set the pace for the first two miles of the four mile course, closely followed by Gillies Ross. At this stage Ross took the lead and McCulloch I moved up to second place. The rest of the pack followed at some distance from the leaders who maintained their respective positions for the remainder of the course—Ross winning.



The times were as follows: Ross I 25.5; McCulloch I 26; MacNeil I 28.

Thirteen contestants participated in the Intermediate event which was run in a highly competitive spirit. The interest of the partisans of the respective entrants ran high and no less

than five boys were looked upon before the race as sure winners-to-be. MacNeil II, a new boy, however, surprised everyone by winning quite easily over McInnes and Foulkes who placed second and third.

The times: MacNeil II, 22.30; McInnes, 22.35; Foulkes 22.35.



The greatest turnout came from the Junior trackmen, of whom there were seventeen in number. There the younger brother of the already laurelled Ross I added to the family's honours, winning by a wide margin in his class. The stiffest competition in this race lay between Sobie II and Bailey I, who sprinted it out for second place with Sobie beating his opponent by one second. Times: Ross II, 11.50; Sobie II, 12.00; Bailey I, 12.01.

In the final race, the Under Eleven, Hodgson, who won last year, again came in victorious, running the course in 6.56.

Officiating were: Mr. Glass, Mr. Brain, Mr. Sibley and Lieut. Higgs.

In the final standings the Houses of Woolcombe and Connaught tied, with 7 1-2 points each.

SEDBERGH TRACK MEET

ON Saturday morning of May 7, a five-man track team composed of Bob Bryce, Toli Cavadias, Bob Darby, Larry Wood and Bill Yates, drove to Sedbergh School under the guidance of Messrs Belford and Higgs. Upon arrival we acquainted ourselves with various members and points of interest at the school, and then witnessed the rifle competition between Ashbury and Sedbergh. Arthur MacRae was outstanding with ninety-nine percent on "application" shooting.

Upon completion of the shooting, everyone enjoyed a tasty lunch served in the Chalet-styled dining room of the school.

In the afternoon the track and field events were run off. Larry Wood was top man in the high jumping with four feet nine inches. Toli Cavadias sprinted to first place in the 100 yard dash with a time of 11.2 seconds. The 880 yard relay race composed of Bryce, Darby, Cavadias and Yates, gaining a substantial lead through the efforts of lead-off man Bob Bryce, won the event by a fair margin. Bob Bryce "broad-jumped" his way to first place with a sixteen foot nine inch leap. Final score—Ashbury 34, Sedbergh 17.

All in all it was a friendly, entertaining day with the teams being feted with tea and cookies in the Old Boys' Lounge before the drive back to Ashbury.

SCIENCE NOTES

THE Science Club this year had two general meetings. The first meeting held on October 29th, took the form of a Vocational Guidance Meeting. The speakers were: Lt.-Col. E. Massey, M.A., Ph.D., Director of Scientific Information for the Armed Services; who spoke on the subject: "*The Chemist and His Job*"; Mr. Jack Neil, M.C.I.C., of the National Research Council, who spoke on the subject: "*The Chemical Engineer and His Job*"; and Mr. R. A. F. Carruthers, M.Sc., of the Division of Optics, the National Research Council, who spoke on the subject: "*The Physicist and His Job*". The speakers were introduced by Heney I. Dreyfus, and MacCordick. Each speaker outlined the qualifications necessary for the particular field, and the chances of positions in these fields of endeavour in Canada. The evening proved to be of great interest to all those who attended.

The second meeting of the Club took place on January 21st when we were fortunate to obtain the services of two outstanding speakers for the occasion: Dr. E. W. R. Steacie, M.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S.C., F.C.I.C., Head of the Division of Chemistry, National Research Council, who spoke on the subject: "*Chemistry and Light*"; and Captain John Kerr, O.B.E., Supervisor of Nautical Services, Department of Transport, who spoke on the subject "*Navigation*". The speakers were introduced by Hart I and MacRae.

At each meeting we also had the advantage of seeing two films. At the first meeting we had "*Crude Oil Distillation*" and "*Celite, the Story of the Diatom*". At the second meeting we had "*Light*" and "*Heat and its Control*".

On Friday, January 28th, a group of the Science Club were invited to the Student Night of the Chemical Institute of Canada. The first speaker, Mr. Glen Gay, of the Defense Research Board, gave a brief outline of the possibilities in the field of chemistry and chemical engineering. He also discussed the educational requirements for these particular professions, and the present day demand for graduates. The second speaker, Mr. F. H. Ditchburn of the Canadian General Electric Company, Chemical Division, discussed the topic "*Applications for Plastics*", demonstrating and explaining many of the new silicone plastics and water repellants. Two films "*Plastics in Colour*" and "*Clean Water*" were also shown.

On January 8th, a group of the senior Students paid a visit to the Royal Mint. There we were interested in the manufacture of coins of the realm as well as war medals.

On Sunday evenings, as usual after Chapel, many science Films have been shown. Our thanks are due to the following companies for supplying us with such interesting film material: The International

Harvester Co.; The National Film Board; The Shell Oil Company of Canada Ltd.; The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada Ltd.; The Canadian Carborundum Co. Ltd.; Anaconda American Brass Co.; The International Nickel Co.; The Minneapolis Honeywell Regulator Co. Ltd.; The North American Cyanamid Co. Ltd.; The Johns-Manville Co. Ltd.; and the Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd.

The Chairman of the Science Club this session has been Robin MacNeil, who has filled the post admirably.

MUSIC

THE most important element in the teaching of music should be the general effect of awakening in the pupils a love for the art.

The purpose of Music Appreciation classes at Ashbury is to try to give the students sound musical taste before they are ensnared by lesser values and to teach them to accept good music as a pleasure, rather than as just another study.

This year we have stressed the music of present day composers. Stravinsky, Katchachurian and Aaron Caplan. We have discussed the music of the film and the ballet. The boys have learned to draw the orchestral instruments from memory, and we have endeavoured to teach them to recognize these instruments by their tone quality.

Prizes were awarded to each form for the best notebook.

The Rhythm Band did not participate in the Ottawa Music Festival of 1948-'49, as we have taken first place in this competition for the last three years. We hope to enter again next year however.

A short lecture recital was given for the senior school and the boys were most enthusiastic.

Irene Woodburn, Mus. Bac., A.T.C.M.



CADET CORPS

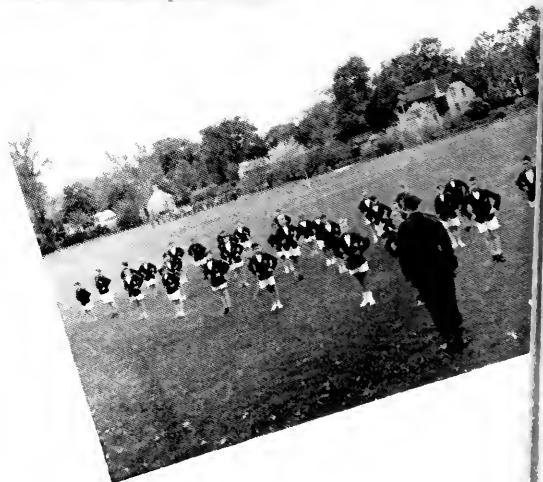
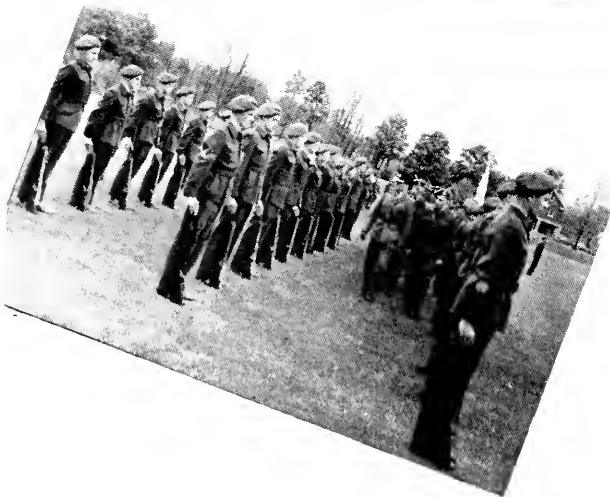
THIS year the Cadet Corps tried its fortune in all phases of training with results which were, generally speaking, very gratifying.

Thursday afternoon, May 19, saw the Annual Inspection of the Corps by Lieut.-Colonel George Patrick, E.D., A.D.C., Officer Commanding The Governor General's Foot Guards, who was accompanied by several of the officers of his Unit, and Capt. R. C. Graves, Cadet Training Officer, Eastern Ontario Area. The reviewing Officer and aides were very high in their praise of the soldierly turnout of the parade and the general smartness and general efficiency of the Ashbury cadets.

The programme consisted of fourteen movements and demonstrations. A march past in column, march past in column of route, advance in review order, squad training followed by the marching off of the Flag, which concluded the ceremonial portion of the parade. A demonstration of "A section on the attack" was put on complete with full battle equipment, blank ammunition, Bren and Sten guns, which made for a very realistic encounter. The senior Corps was then marched off, loudly applauded by the spectators, to change into Physical Training kit, while the Junior corps went through a demonstration of physical training and class games. The junior platoon drew a round of applause from the many proud parents and friends present.

The senior corps were then marched onto the field again in P.T. kit and put on a full programme of mass P.T. and gymnastic work, (curtailed somewhat by the cold inclement weather).

There were 116 registered cadets in the Corps this year along with



some 40 underage Cadets in the Junior platoon. During the fall and winter seasons the Corps spent its time on First Aid, Signalling, Rifle Shooting, Drill, Weapon Training, Woodcraft and other general subjects such as Map Reading and Fundamentals. Poor weather kept us from doing any Fieldcraft until the spring but some cadets found this type of training most interesting.

This year nearly all Cadets fired their Annual Shooting Classification, which was enjoyed by all. In this department there were 12 cadets who qualified as "Marksmen, Sniper Class", with scores of 90 or over; 16 who qualified as "Marksmen, Expert Class", with scores of 80 or over; 17 "First Class Shots", and 20 others who "Qualified"; very gratifying results on the whole. A team of 10 cadets took part in the Royal Military College Annual Shooting Competition and reached an average efficiency of 84.7 per cent.

We were fortunate to get new uniforms this season including the new type "Beret" with brass cap badge, a vast improvement over the previously issued wedge cap and plastic badge.

The Corps had rather a difficult task to do this season in maintaining the high standard set by the Corps in previous years, but I feel sure that you did not let down that standard.

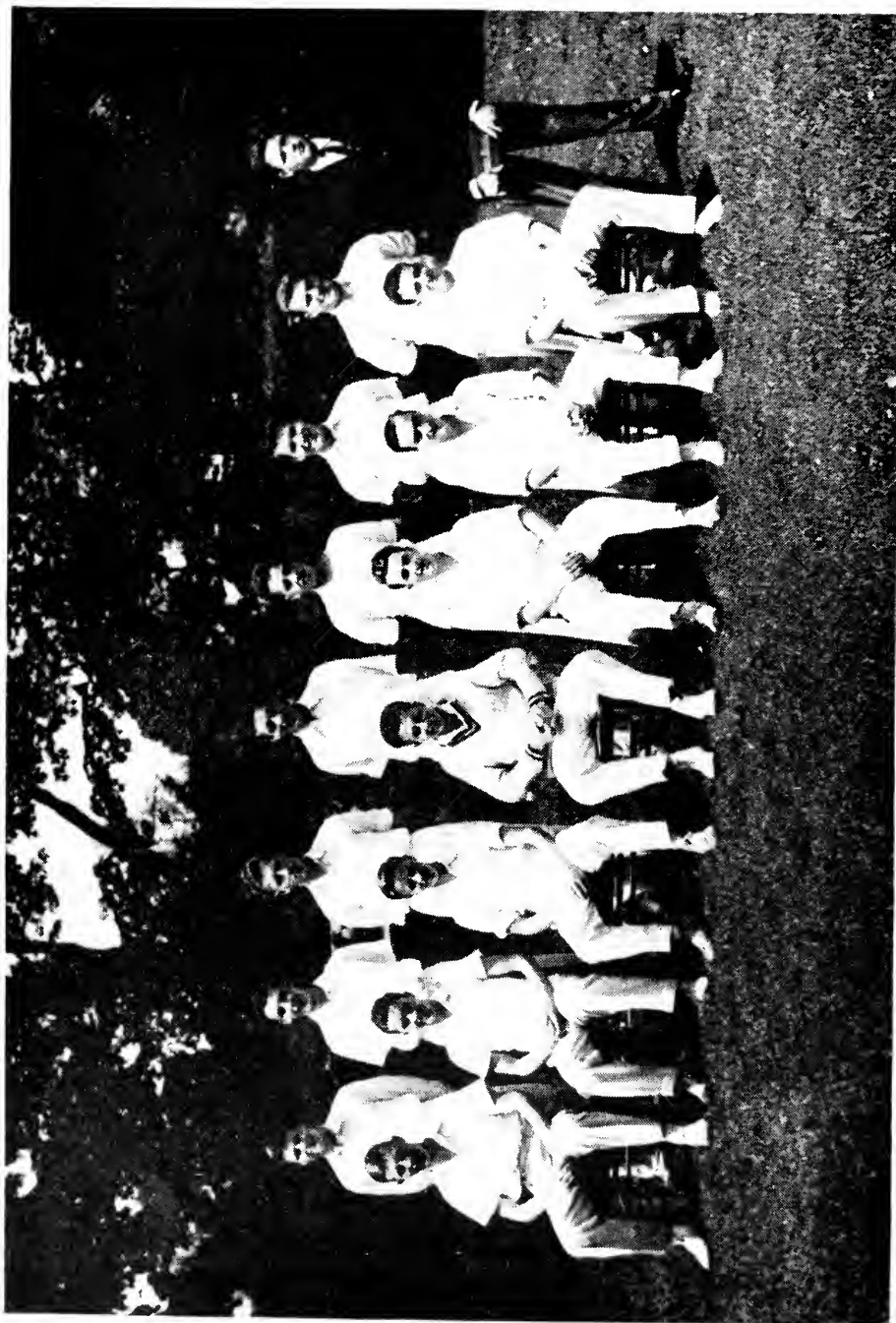
I would like to take this opportunity of thanking each and every member of the Corps for the real effort you put forth, both in your attention to work during the year and the excellent job you did on the Inspection. This task so splendidly fulfilled, you may now, with justifiable pride, put away your uniforms for this season knowing that you have done your part to make this another successful year.

In closing may I say that what success we have achieved, or may achieve, is a direct result of the work and effort put forth by you all and, in particular, the backbone of the Corps, the Officers and N.C.O.s. My special thanks to 2/Lieut. Edmundo Castello for his very able assistance in instruction, to C/Lieuts. Bower and Doug. Heney who shared the job of Adjutant, 2 i/c Henry Drefus, Platoon Commanders, Price, Pritchard, Darby, to C.Q.M.S. Dick Elmer for a particularly good job as quartermaster and last but far from least my thanks and congratulations to C/Capt. Robin MacNeil for a most efficient job as Corps Commander.

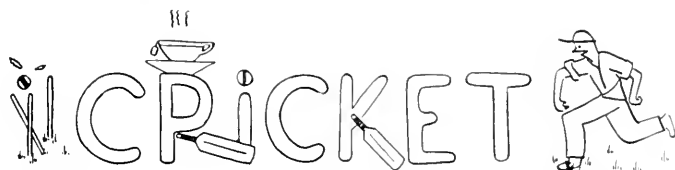
The competition for the most efficient Corps in the Eastern Ontario Area is bound to be stiff—more so than ever before; but I feel confident that we have made a good effort and trust that we will rate quite highly when the final decision is reached.

On Friday evening, May 20, for the first time in ten years, a platoon of Ashbury Cadets paraded with the G.G.F.G. through downtown Ottawa. Judging from the remarks and comments of the spectators they put on a very creditable exhibition. In future years it is our wish to parade more often with our parent unit. G.W.H.

FIRST CRICKET XI



W. A. Weeks, P. C. McCulloch, R. G. Cherrier, P. M. Langevin, A. D. McCulloch, C. C. Hart
 J. R. Baldwin D. R. Kerr
 R. B. W. MacNeil, W. G. Ross, D. F. Heney, H. J. Dreyfus, W. Brownlee, J. B. L. Heney,
 (Captain) R. E. L. Gill



ASHBURY vs. CATHEDRAL C.C. AT ASHBURY

April 30, 1949

THE Cathedral C.C. won the toss and elected to bat, with R. Whitfield and J. Outram as the openers.

When the first wicket fell the score had already reached 42 and R. Hardy and Outram raised the figure to 51 for the second wicket. By the time the seventh wicket had fallen Cathedral's total had reached 137 runs and the side retired at 145.

Ashbury then went in with Brownlee and Heney I as the opening bats. The first wicket went down for only 2 runs and the second wicket for 6. The third, fourth and fifth all went for 10 runs with the fast fielding of the Cathedral Club enabling them to catch seven of the ten batsmen, whose combined score stood at 39.

Final score—Cathedral C.C. 145 for 7 wickets; Ashbury 39.

CATHEDRAL C.C.

R. Whitfield—b Grimsdale	11
J. Outram—c McCulloch I, b Grimsdale	40
R. Hardy—c Brownlee, b Brown I	9
G. Sharp—c Heney II, b McCulloch I	34
E. Gilmour—b Ross I	12
R. Stewart—c Brown I, b McCulloch I	3
D. Macdonald—retired	16
J. Coutts—not out	7
H. S. Malik—not out	2
Extras	11

145 for 7 wickets

Did not bat—A. Williams; H. Williams (Capt.)

Bowling—Ross I, 1/35; McCulloch I, 2/28; Brown I, 1/35; Grimsdale, 2/34.

ASHBURY

W. Brownlee—c Outram, b Macdonald	7
Heney I—c Hardy, b Williams	0
Ross I—c Macdonald, b Outram	1
Brown I—b Gilmour	2
H. Dreyfus—c Whitfield, b Gilmour	0
Heney II—c Sharpe, b Williams	6
E. Gill—c Williams, b Malik	12
R. Cherrier—run out	3
MacNeil I—b Williams	3
McCulloch I—b Williams	0
W. Grimsdale—not out	0
M. Artola—c and b Williams	0
Extras	5

39

Bowling—Williams, 5/0; Gilmour, 2/3; Outram, 1/1; Macdonald, 1/1; Malik 1/1.

ASHBURY "A" XI vs. O.V.C.C. JUNIORS

May 7, 1949

THE O.V.C.C. won the toss and elected to bat. J. Coutts and G. Wilson were the opening bats but both failed to score. The first wicket fell for no runs and the second for two. D. Macdonald (an old Ashburian) and W. Mathews got 4 runs apiece being the top run-getters of the O.V.C.C. Juniors. The whole team was put out for a total of 22 runs.

Ashbury then went in and compiled 59 runs for 10 wickets. P. Heney scored 21 runs and Dreyfus got 10.

Final score—Ashbury 59; O.V.C.C. Juniors 22.

O.V.C.C. JUNIORS

J. Coutts—b MacNeil I.....	0
G. Wilson—b MacNeil I.....	0
D. Murison—MacNeil I.....	1
M. Collacott—b MacNeil I.....	0
J. Pollex—c and b McCulloch I.....	0
A. Frome—c Brownlee, b McCulloch I.....	1
D. Macdonald—lbw b McCulloch I.....	4
T. Walsh—b MacNeil I.....	2
B. Woods—not out.....	3
W. Matthews—b MacNeil I.....	4
D. Graham—c Dreyfuss, b Cherrier.....	0
G. Collins—b Cherrier.....	3
Extras	4
	<hr/> 22

Bowling—MacNeil I, 6/5; McCulloch, 3/8; Cherrier, 2/4.

ASHBURY "A" XI

E. Gill—c Murison, b Wilson.....	1
R. MacNeil I—b Macdonald.....	7
G. Ross I—b Macdonald.....	1
H. Dreyfus (Capt.)—c Macdonald, b Murison.....	10
A. McCulloch I—b Macdonald.....	6
D. F. Heney II—c Woods, b Walsh.....	21
R. Cherrier, c and b Murison.....	3
B. Heney I—b Walsh.....	1
W. Brownlee—lbw b Murison.....	1
C. Hart I—not out.....	2
J. Baldwin—b Walsh.....	0
Extras	6
	<hr/> 59

Bowling—Macdonald, 3/17; Wilson, 1/28; Murison, 3/7; Walsh, 3/1.

ASHBURY vs. B.C.S. AT ASHBURY

May 13, 1949

ON May 13th, in weather ideal for cricketing, Bishop's arrived for the first of our annual home-and-home games. The B.C.S. XI went in to bat first, and the Ashbury supporters felt they had some cause for gratification when, after an excellent exhibition of bowling and fielding on the part of the home XI, the visitors were retired for a modest score in the first innings.

By the time the fifth wicket had fallen, only 11 runs had been scored; the sixth and seventh fell for forty-one, and the side was out for a total of 44.

Sperdakos with 17 runs, and McGee with 16, were top men for Bishop's.

Ashbury then went in and after a good sixth wicket stand by Ross (11) and Cherrier (10), the innings was completed for 60 runs, and Ashbury hopes ran high.

In the second innings B.C.S. had apparently determined to pile up runs as quickly as possible in the limited time at their disposal, and in this they were most successful. When the score stood at 82 runs for 8 wickets (with Ashworth top scorer at 29) the B.C.S. captain declared.

Ashbury made a promising start in our second innings, as the score-board showed 27 runs before the first wicket had fallen. From that point onward, however, our hopes were quickly cooled, and the last wicket went down at the score of 45.

Final score: First innings, B.C.S. 54; Ashbury 60. Second innings, B.C.S. 82 for 8; Ashbury 45 (all out).

B.C.S. (1st Innings)

Turnball—c Heney 1, b Cherrier.....	0
Rogers—c Ross 1, b MacNeil 1.....	0
Ross—b MacNeil 1.....	3
Ashworth (Capt.)—c McCulloch, b MacNeil 1.....	0
Price—c Gill, b Cherrier.....	2
McGee—c Ross 1, b Weeks.....	16
Sperdakos—c Ross 1, b MacNeil 1.....	17
Reaper—run out.....	3
Mackie—not out.....	4
Spafford—b Weeks.....	0
Winkworth—b Langevin.....	3
Extras.....	6
	54

Bowling—Cherrier, 2/16; MacNeil 1, 4/24; Weeks, 2/4; Langevin, 1/4.

ASHBURY (1st Innings)

Gill—c Turnbull, b McGee.....	1
MacNeil 1—lbw b Ashworth.....	5
Dreyfus (Capt.)—c Turnbull, b McGee.....	8
Heney II—b Ashworth.....	4
Ross 1—b Ashworth.....	11
Brownlee—b McGee.....	0
Cherrier—run out.....	10
Heney I—c Turnbull, b Ross.....	0
McCulloch 1—b McGee.....	2
Weeks—c Ashworth, b Rogers.....	3
Langevin—not out.....	44
Extras.....	12
	60

Bowling—Ashworth, 3/16; McGee, 4/20; Ross, 1/16; Rogers, 1/5.

B.C.S. (2nd Innings)

Turnball—b MacNeil I	12
Rogers—b MacNeil I	1
Ross—c Dreyfus, b Cherrier	1
Ashworth (Capt.)—c Dreyfus, b Langevin	29
Price—c Heney, b MacNeil I	4
McGee—run out	12
Sperdakos—c McCulloch, b Weeks	2
Reaper—not out	5
Mackie—b MacNeil I	7
Spafford—b MacNeil I	3
Winkworth—not out	1
Extras	5

82 for 8 wickets

Bowling—Cherrier, 1/20; MacNeil I, 5/21; Weeks, 1/25; Langevin 1/4.

ASHBURY (2nd Innings)

Gill—b McGee	14
MacNeil I—b McGee	3
Dreyfus (Capt.)—c Ross, b McGee	0
Heney II—b Ashworth	7
Ross I—c Sperdakos, b Ashworth	4
Brownlee—b McGee	1
Cherrier—c Sperdakos, b Ashworth	2
Heney I—c Price, b McGee	0
McCulloch I—c Reaper, b Ashworth	0
Weeks—not out	0
Langevin—c Price, b McGee	2
Extras	12

45

Bowling—McGee, 6/14; Ashworth, 4/19.

ASHBURY vs. B.C.S. AT B.C.S.

May 21, 1949

ASHBURY won the toss and elected to bat first. In this innings Heney II was the top run-getter with a score of 12. The side was all out for a total of 57 runs.

B.C.S. then came up to bat and Price and Ashworth led the side with 16 and 15 runs respectively. Team all out for 80.

Ashbury then went in again and Cherrier inspired a short-lived hope by knocking out 16 runs. The total runs for this innings, however, fell 2 short of their original tally and were all out for a total for the innings of 55.

In Bishop's second innings 36 runs were made in 4 wickets.

Final score: First innings, Ashbury 57; B.C.S. 80. Second innings, Ashbury 55; B.C.S. 36 for 4 wickets.

ASHBURY (1st Innings)

Gill—run out	2
Brownlee—b McGee	2
Dreyfus (Capt.)—b McGee	2
Heney II—c Reaper, b Ashworth	12
Cherrier—b McGee	6

Heney I—b Ross	3
McCulloch I—c Winkworth, b Ashworth	0
Weeks—run out	10
Langevin—c McGee, b Rogers	9
McCulloch II—run out	0
Baldwin—b McGee	1
Hart I—not out	1
Extras	9
	57

Bowling—Ashworth, 2/20; McGee, 4/18; Ross I, 1/9; Rogers, 1/1.

B.C.S. (1st Innings)

Turnball—c Weeks, b Langevin	6
Rogers—b Cherrier	1
Reaper—b Langevin	8
Bishop—c Brownlee, b Cherrier	1
Ashworth—b Weeks	15
Ross I—b Weeks	2
McGee—run out	2
Price—c Weeks, b McCulloch II	16
Sperdakos—c Langevin, b McCulloch II	6
Mackie—b Weeks	1
Winkworth—b Cherrier	4
Ross II—not out	12
Extras	6
	80

Bowlng—Cherrier, 3/8; Langevin, 2/28; Weeks, 3/20; McCulloch II, 2/3.

ASHBURY (2nd Innings)

Gill—c and b Ashworth	6
Brownlee—c Bishop, b McGee	0
Dreyfus (Capt.)—b McGee	6
Heney II—c Winkworth, b Ashworth	6
Cherrier—b McGee	16
Heney I—b Ashworth	1
McCulloch I—run out	1
Weeks—b Ashworth	9
Langevin—b Sperdakos	1
McCulloch II—not out	0
Baldwin—b Sperdakos	1
Hart I—b Sperdakos	0
Extras	8
	55

Bowling—Ashworth, 4/25; McGee, 3/22; Sperdakos, 3/0.

B.C.S. (2nd Innings)

Sperdakos—c Dreyfus, b Cherrier	5
Turnball—run out	6
Ashworth—c Brownlee, b Cherrier	8
Price II—b Weeks	8
McGee—not out	6
Bishop—not out	1
Extras	2

36 for 4 wickets

Bowling—Cherrier, 2/9; Weeks, 1/7.

ASHBURY vs. THE STAFF

May 24, 1949

In pre-game chatter the Staff XI were strongly favoured to win this match, as last year's formidable team remained unimpaired and had, indeed, been augmented by the services of Mr. W. A. Edge, a batsman of note.

The Staff gave the boys the privilege of batting first and the side was not retired until they had succeeded in reaching a score of 90. Dreyfus was outstanding for the School XI with a contribution of 31 runs. McCulloch I also enjoyed a good innings and batted up a number of boundaries to reach a score of 24.

The Staff then went in to bat and, led by Mr. Heney with 26 runs, totalled only 73 runs. MacNeil, for the boys, was effective in bowling, and took 7 of the wickets.

Final score: Ashbury 94; Staff 73.

ASHBURY

Gill—run out	0
Brownlee—b Glass	5
MacNeil I—lbw b Powell	1
Dreyfus—run out	31
Heney II—run out	12
Ross I—s Heney, b Powell	2
Cherrier—b Glass	11
Heney I—c Heney, b Edge	5
McCulloch I—lbw b Edge	24
Weeks—c Edge, b Glass	2
Langevin—not out	1
Baldwin—c Brain, b Edge	0
Extras	0
	<hr/> 94

Bowling—Glass, 3/61; Powell, 2/26; Edge, 3/5.

STAFF

A. D. Brain (Capt.)—c and b MacNeil I	3
T. B. Rankin—b Weeks	2
F. G. Heney—c Gill, b Weeks	26
C. L. O. Glass—run out	3
Col. E. G. Brine—c Baldwin, b MacNeil I	7
W. A. Edge—c Heney II, b MacNeil I	20
J. A. Powell—b MacNeil I	9
D. L. Polk—b MacNeil I	0
Lieut. G. W. Higgs—b MacNeil I	0
Rev. W. J. Belford—b MacNeil I	0
C. G. Drayton—b Weeks	0
L. H. Sibley—not out	0
Extras	3
	<hr/> 73

Bowling—MacNeil I, 7/41; Weeks, 3/24.

ASHBURY FIRST XI vs. OLD BOYS

May 28, 1949

DREYFUS won the toss and elected to bat but was unfortunate in not finding any of his team mates to stay at the wicket with him. He compiled 32 runs in a very steady fashion, mostly on well-judged singles, but as none of the other school batsmen reached double figures the side was all out for 70. McCulloch II defended valiantly at the last and was not out with four runs to his credit. For the Old Boys in the field, Mr. Heney treated us to a grandstand play: he threw down the wicket at the bowler's end from somewhere near short square-leg, after snatching off his wicket keeper's glove.

The total of 70 did not seem a large one with some six ex-captains of cricket on the Old Boys side, but things went badly for them from the start and the first five wickets were down for only 14 runs on the telegraph. Smith (46), however, was not one of these and on being joined by Snelling (10) and Lawrence (9) quickly pushed the total near a winning position which was gained with a couple of wickets in hand. Smith's innings was very comforting for Old Boys to watch for he was harshly treating the bowlers to drives through, past, and over mid-off with much of his former success.

ASHBURY

Gill—c Pettigrew, b Snelling	3
Brownlee—b Smith	0
Dreyfus (Capt.)—lbw b Lawrence	32
Heney II—c Kenny, b Snelling	7
Cherrier—c Smith, b Kenny	3
Heney I—c Smith, b Rose	2
McCulloch I—b Rose	3
Weeks—b Lawrence	2
Langevin—run out	0
McCulloch II—not out	4
Hart I—b Smith	0
Extras	14
	70

OLD BOYS

J. S. Smith—ret.	46
C. W. J. Elliott—run out	1
R. T. Kenny—run out	0
W. G. Ross—run out	1
F. G. Heney—b Cherrier	0
J. S. Pettigrew—run out	1
H. D. L. Snelling—st Heney, b Langevin	10
R. G. R. Lawrence—c Heney, b Weeks	9
F. G. Rose—c McCulloch II, b Weeks	26
J. G. M. Hooper—b Weeks	0
J. A. Powell—not out	18
Extras	10

B.C.S. AT ASHBURY

IDEAL weather prevailed for the Under 16 XI's match against B.C.S. which was played here on May 7th. Bishop's won the toss and elected to bat first. The first wicket fell at 3 runs, Turnbull being L.B.W. to Foulke's first ball. Rogers and Hart then brought the score to 29 when Rogers was run out after scoring a careful 15. Hart continued to play a steady innings of 18 until clean bowled by Malik. The remainder of the team could not cope with the bowling of Malik and Grimsdale and were finally retired for a total of 59.

Ashbury replied with 61, Sobie's heavy hitting accounting for 24 and Foulkes playing a very careful 10.

Bishop's did not fare so well in their second inning being all out for a total of 34 of which Turnbull made 11. One of the features of this inning was Sobie's one-handed running catch of Rogers' hard drive to leg. Ashbury had little difficulty in reaching the Bishop's total for the loss of only 3 wickets. Sobie played another fine innings before being caught by Rogers, and Brown had accounted for 13 when the innings was declared.

Malik's bowling was particularly noteworthy in both innings. Eleven of the 18 overs bowled by him were maidens and he succeeded in taking 11 wickets for 14 runs.

ASHBURY AT B.C.S.

THE return match was played at Bishop's on May 21st. Bishop's again won the toss and batted first, being all out for a total of 37 runs. Parsons and Brown were our most effective bowlers, each taking 4 wickets for 10 runs. Brown's analysis included a hat trick. Our first wicket fell at 5 when Brown was caught and bowled by Ogilvie. Sobie and Finlay then put on 15 runs for the next wicket before Sobie was run out. Five wickets now fell for a total of 5 runs and our position was anything but envious. However, with the help of a very cautious innings by Artola we had finally brought the score to 39 at the fall of the last wicket.

Bishop's replied with 39 in their second innings. Badger with 12 being the only man to reach double figures. Grimsdale was our most successful bowler in this innings—taking 4 wickets for 5 runs. Ashbury's second innings started disastrously with 2 wickets down for 3 runs. At this stage Brown made our prospects look considerably brighter with a well played 19 which included 4 boundaries. Eight wickets were down for 34 runs when Grimsdale and Hart made a fine stand and succeeded in passing the Bishop's score before any further damage was done.

In this game the fielding of the Ashbury team was particularly good, no less than 14 catches being made in the two innings. Alert fielding held the score down by allowing the Bishop's team only 3 boundaries on a small field and accounting for 3 run outs.

HOUSE GAME

May 30, 1949

THE Woolcombe team won the toss and batted first. Dreyfus scored 23 runs and was top scorer for his side. Although Woolcombe included seven of the first XI they were successful in making only 73 runs. Grimsdale, for Connaught, bowled well and took 8 wickets.

The Connaught team proved surprisingly strong and Cherrier led the batting with 35 runs to his credit. Team out for 105. As there was little time remaining for further play Woolcombe then gave up the match to Connaught on the basis of the 1st innings.

WOOLLCOMBE (1st Innings)

Gill—b Grimsdale	9
MacNeil 1—b Grimsdale	0
Dreyfus (Capt.)—c MacLaren, b Grimsdale	23
Brown 1—c and b Grimsdale	0
Heney 1—run out	9
Brownlee—run out	8
Parsons—b Grimsdale	6
Weeks—c Baldwin, b Grimsdale	0
Sobie 1—b Cherrier	0
Foulkes—not out	12
Langevin—b Grimsdale	1
McInnes—c MacLaren, b Grimsdale	2
Extras	3
	<hr/> 73

Bowling—Cherrier, 1/41; Grimsdale, 8/29.

CONNAUGHT (1st Innings)

McCulloch 11—b Langevin	7
McCulloch 1—lbw b MacNeil 1	0
Heney 11 (Capt.)—c Gill, b Langevin	7
Cherrier—b MacNeil 1	35
Ross 1—c Dreyfus, b Weeks	2
Grimsdale—run out	11
Artola—run out	1
MacLaren—c Gill, b Brown	9
Baldwin—b Brown	0
Bryce—c Parsons, b Weeks	9
Yates—not out	9
Hart 1—c Dreyfus, b Brown	0
Extras	15
	<hr/> 105

Bowling—MacNeil 1, 2/23; Langevin, 2/38; Weeks, 2/19; Brown, 3/10.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

ON May 27th and May 30th was held the annual public speaking contest for the Ross McMaster prize. The Middle and Junior School contestants were heard on Friday evening, with Fraser, Carne, Scott I, Abbot, and Grimsdale as entrants in the former, and Scott II and Bailey I in the latter competition. In the main the quality of performance showed a definite improvement over the standards of recent years, with rather more spontaneity and conviction evident in the majority of speeches. First prize was awarded to Fraser, Middle School, for his exposition on the Berlin Air-Lift, with honourable mention for Scott I, who spoke on "Conservation".

In the narrow field from the Junior School Scott II was the judge's choice; his topic—"Importance of Weather Forecasts". Bailey I, his only competitor, spoke well on the subject of Newfoundland.

In the Senior School contest, held on the following Sunday after morning chapel, the candidates were MacRae, MacNeil I, Urbanowicz, and Genesove. Here again it is safe to say that the calibre of performance marked a distinct advance. In every instance the speeches were well organized, clearly and logically reasoned, and delivered spontaneously, distinctly, and with conviction.

MacNeil spoke on the advisability of intervention in China by the Western Nations, and MacRae on the benefits of Independent School Education. Genesove spoke on the reconstruction of Germany, and Urbanowicz on "Education and Happiness".

The judges selected MacNeil as the winner of the event, with MacRae a very close second.



SPORTS DAY

THIS year the preliminaries of track were held on Tuesday, June 7th. The weather was clear, windy and cool. The finals were staged on Thursday morning, June 9th. On this day the weather was again ideal. The following are the results of the competition:—

JUNIOR CLASS (12-14)

High Jump—1, Scott II, 4'-1"; 2, Andrier; 3, Carne.
 Cricket Ball—1, Hart II, 197'; 2, Rhodes I; 3, Sobie II.
 Long Jump—1, Sobie II, 13'-11"; 2, Gilman; 3, Ross II.
 100 yd. Dash—1, Sobie II, 12.8 sec.; 2, Livingston; 3, Gilman.
 220 yd. Dash—1, Livingston, 30.4 sec.; 2, Sobie II; 3, Carne.
 80 yd. Hurdles—1, Echlin, 14 sec.; 2, Sobie II; 3, Carne.
 Obstacle Race—1, Ross II, 1 min. 35 sec.; 2, Gilbert; 3, Echlin.

SPECIAL JUNIOR CLASS (under 12)

75 yd. Dash—1, Custer, 10.6 sec.; 2, Murphy; 3, Hodgson.
 80 yd. Hurdles—1, Wijkman, 16 sec.; 2, Custer; 3, Gorrie.
 Obstacle Race—1, Gorrie, 1 min. 40 sec.; 2, Hodgson; 3, Murphy.
 50 yd. Dash (under 10)—1, Rhodes II, 7.4 sec.; 2, Alexander; 3, Curry.

INTERMEDIATE CLASS (15-16)

High Jump—1, Finlay II, 4'-5"; 2, Brown I; 3, McInnes.
 Cricket Ball—1, Artola, 274'; 2, McInnes; 3, Brown I.

Long Jump—1, McInnes, 16'-1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "; 2, Foulkes; 3, Brown I.
 100 yd. Dash—1, McInnes, 11.6 sec.; 2, Dillon; 3, Finlay II.
 220 yd. Dash—1, McInnes, 28 sec.; 2, Foulkes; 3, MacLaren.
 440 yd. Dash—1, McInnes, 1.07.6; 2, MacLaren; 3, McCulloch II.
 120 yd. Hurdles—1, McInnes, 19 sec.; 2, Brown I; 3, Sobie I.
 Obstacle Race—1, MacNeil II, 1.44; 2, Scott I; 3, Sobie I.

SENIOR CLASS (OVER 16)

High Jump—1, Wood, 5'-1"; 2, Cavadias; 3, Ross I.
 Cricket Ball—1, Yates, 271'-4"; 2, Pritchard I; 3, Ross I.
 Long Jump—1, Bryce, 17'-1"; 2, Hall; 3, Ross I.
 100 yd. Dash—1, Cavadias, 10.8 sec.; 2, Yates; 3, Bryce.
 220 yd. Dash—1, Bryce, 25.2 sec.; 2, Cavadias; 3, Ross I.
 440 yd. Dash—1, McCulloch, 1.00.4; 2, Darby; 3, Baldwin.
 880 yd. Run—1, McCulloch, 2.24; 2, MacNeil I; 3, Darby.
 120 yd. Hurdles—1, Ross I, 16.4 sec.; 2, Gill; 3, Baldwin.
 Obstacle Race—1, Ross I, 1.35; 2, Price; 3, Johnson.
 Mile (open)—1, McCulloch I; 2, MacNeil; 3, Hall.
 Old Boys' Race—1, Cmdr. W. G. Ross; 2, H. Vera-Villalobas; 3, J. A. Powell.
 Interhouse Relay Race—4/220 yds.—Connaught House.
 Interhouse Tug of War—Connaught House. D.H.



SCHOOL CLOSING AND PRIZE GIVING

THIS year's closing exercises were held on Thursday, June 9th, and consisted as usual of track and field sports finals in the morning, leaving service in the school chapel and prize-giving in the afternoon. The service was conducted by the chaplain, Rev. W. J. Belford, assisted by the Headmaster, and, following the service, parents and friends of the school made their way to the lawn, where the boys were already assembled for the closing ceremonies. We were unusually favoured by the weather for this event, as the day was bright but cool, and the ideal temperature and sunshine added materially to enjoyment of the occasion by all concerned.

We were pleased to have with us, for his first official appearance, Mr. Duncan MacTavish, O.B.E., K.C., our new Chairman of the Board of Governors, and it was his pleasure and ours to welcome as guest speaker, His Excellency, the Governor-General, and Her Excellency, Lady Alexander.

Having concluded his opening remarks, in which he paid tribute to the late Colonel E. F. Newcombe, his predecessor who died this year, Mr. MacTavish called upon the Headmaster to give his annual report.

In his report Mr. Glass gave an account of the accomplishments of the school year, laying particular stress on academic success attained. In touching on sports he pointed out the necessity of a continual offensive and warned against the policy of 'lying back and waiting for the breaks', which, he said, will never come to those who adopt that attitude.

In conclusion the Headmaster deplored the lack of discipline which generally obtained in secondary school education in Canada and spoke strongly against the development of the 'drugstore cowboy' type in Canadian youth. He emphasized the importance of discipline, while at the same time striking a note of warning against carrying its application to extremes.

At the conclusion of the Headmaster's report His Excellency in a witty, familiar and instructive speech, told us that in his opinion there can be no possible excuse for boredom—that we must learn to devise and develop our own amusements. Recalling the days of his own youth in Ireland, where there were no prepared or commercialized amusements, His Excellency remembered that he and his brothers and sisters had never been at a loss for entertainment. They were never bored. He made the point that, 'if you are bored, you have no one to blame but yourself'. He added that many of his listeners might well, in later life,

find themselves in foreign countries and faced with the necessity of accommodating themselves to unfamiliar customs and manners: in such circumstances they would have only the resources which they had built up within themselves on which to rely.

He concluded by urging us to take full advantage of all that Canada has to offer, and in this way to become good citizens.

After this His Excellency presented the prizes to the winners, whose names and awards appear below.

The Chairman then called on Henri Dreyfus, Captain of the School, to deliver the Valedictory (to be found in its entirety under that title), and this brought the ceremony to an end, when at Mr. MacTavish's invitation the many guests repaired to the Memorial Dining Hall for tea.

PRIZE LIST

Academic Prizes:

Form Prizes:

- I—Stirling-Hamilton
- IIB—Hiney
- IIA—Woolcombe
- IIIB—Alexander
- IIIA—Barbaro
- Transitus—Custer
- IV—Schacher
- Shell—Malik
- V—Bryce
- Remove—Fraser
- VIC—Artola
- VIB—Hall
- VIA—Ross I

Merit Prizes:

- I—Barker Prize—Vincent
- II—Hunter Prize—Alexander
- IIIB—Drayton Prize—Bailey II
- IIIA—Edge Prize—Finlay II
- Transitus—Brine Prize—Rhodes I
- IV—Belford Prize—Graham I
- Shell—Heney Prize—Wharton
- V—Polk Prize—McCulloch I
- Remove—Belcher Prize—Luyken
- VIC—Sibley Prize—Lyon
- VIB—Powell Prize—Ferguson
- VIA—Brain Prize—Dreyfus

German—Pardo de Zela Prize—Ferguson

Spanish—Pardo de Zela Prize—Urbanowicz

Woodburn Music Prizes:

II—Hiney; IIIB—Baer; IIIA—Harwood; Transitus—Carrasco

Ross McMaster Public Speaking Prizes:

Junior—Scott II; Intermediate—Fraser; Senior—MacNeil I

Honor Academic Prizes—Junior Matriculation

Belcher Prize for English—Weeks

Powell Prize for Maths—Weeks

Polk Prize for Modern History—Ferguson

Brain Prize for Ancient History—Ferguson

Sibley Prize for Science—Ferguson

Col. J. D. Fraser Trophy (most valuable contribution to hockey)
—Darby

Ashbury College Skiing Cup (best skier)—Ross I

Evan Gill Trophy (most improved skier)—Evan Gill

Evan Gill Cup (best skier in the Junior School)—Echlin

The Mrs. James Wilson Cricket Trophies: Batting—Dreyfus;
Bowling—MacNeil

Heney Prize (most improved cricketer)—Grimsdale

MacCordick Cup (greatest contribution to school games)—Ross

Norman Wilson Challenge Shield—Woolcombe House—received
by Dreyfus

“CP” Cup (School vs. Old Boys in football)—Old Boys, received
by Alan Powell, Esq.

Old Boys’ Race Mug—Cmdr. W. G. Ross

Woods Shield (junior school award of merit)—Rhodes I

Southam Cup (best in sports and scholarship)—Ross I

Nelson Shield (boy exerting best influences in school)—Dreyfus

The Headmaster’s Cup—Castello

Governor-General’s Medal—W. G. Ross

A. MacRae.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

JUNE 9TH, 1949

Your Excellencies, Mr. Chairman, Mr. Headmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

IT SEEMS only yesterday that I came to Ashbury, and now I am leaving. Five years ago next September, I arrived as a stranger to Canada, knowing little of the language, almost nothing of the ways of the country. If any of you have ever been in that position I can only hope that you were lucky enough to meet with the kindness and friendly warmth that greeted me at Ashbury.

Many of you will realize from personal experience that the lot of any new boy at any Boarding School is not entirely a happy one during the first few days. There is the strangeness; the nostalgia; the bewilderment of the new surroundings and the new faces; the uncertainty. Perhaps you can imagine then that a boy who is a newcomer, not only to the school but to the country, will look forward to the experience with some trepidation. However, in my case the trepidation proved unfounded; for I was never made to feel that, as a foreigner, I was in any way set apart. Rather was I made to feel at home; that I was one of the group. Looking back on those early days I feel that this cordiality was a symbol—not perhaps a large or an important, or a shining one, but still a not insignificant symbol of the democratic principles of this country and of our school.

To speak formally for all of us who are now leaving Ashbury to face larger problems, heavier responsibilities than any we have met here, I say that we take with us a deep sense of gratitude for the knowledge, the direction, the sense of citizenship and the inspiration that we have received. Many who have left this school before us have distinguished themselves in the service of their country, in the professions, and in the business world. Those of us who are leaving now will go out in the strong determination to do our utmost to follow their example and to do credit to this our school.

Now, today, however, I must confess that our thoughts and emotions are perhaps more centred in Ashbury than in our future lives. I think that one of the most characteristic and valuable objectives of Ashbury is the planting in all who come here of that corporate attitude of mind which is known as school spirit. In other words, a willingness to make personal sacrifices for the welfare and reputation of the school. To work hard, to play hard, and to keep discipline—these are after all, the essential tools with which a school must build and maintain a reputation. I think that most of us who are leaving today have tried with varying success to follow up these principles—even though we were not always trying consciously. And so I say that we hope that those of

you who will be returning next year will maintain and even improve this school spirit and will, in turn, pass it on to those who follow. As the whole is greater than the part, so this spirit is even more important than the knowledge gleaned from books.

And now to speak again, less formally of my personal experiences here: these five years at Ashbury I now realize more than ever, have been happy ones. I have often heard and read, that school days are the happiest days in your life. I must admit there have been some days when I doubted the truth of this. But I think perhaps the truth is that when you are in the middle of a time you cannot really judge whether it was a good time or a bad time. It is only when you are at the end of it that you can judge. Then, if it was truly bad, it will look even worse than it really was. If it was good, it will look better. Looking back over my time at Ashbury, I can only say that it looks better.

I have enjoyed the games, I enjoyed the companionship of the fellows, and I have enjoyed the work—or some of it. And I can say with true sincerity to those of you who will remain that when you, in your turn leave Ashbury, you will feel more homesick than on the day you came.

During the last year, we, the prefects, have tried to do a reasonably good job, but we realize that no matter how hard we tried, our efforts would have been unsuccessful had we lacked the cooperation of you fellows. And so, if we have succeeded at all, the measure of our success is largely yours. If there have been times when you thought us unreasonable, we ask you to remember those times when you yourselves are prefects. That will be our revenge.

In conclusion, may I thank you, Sir, the Headmaster, may I thank the Assistant Headmaster and all the Staff, for everything you have done for us. You have worked for us and with us, you have put up with us and encouraged us, and whatever success we may meet with in the future will in no small part be due to you, be due to Ashbury.

Henry Dreyfus, Captain of the School, 1948-1949.

PREFECTS 1948-1949



DREYFUS—*"I have here a black pen"*

Snake is doing a wonderful job as head boy. Always interested in School activities and the general welfare of all things Ashburian, Henry is finishing his career here in a manner worthy of the best. Always popular, Henry has caused much merriment from time to time with his colourblindness (cf. above). He is invaluable in the Physics lab, contributing to the solution of some knotty problem. Henry isn't sure where his fortunes will lead him next fall, but it may be that another of those summers on the Riviera will make up his mind. So, whether he ends up in University, or fishing for crabs, good luck attend him wherever he goes.



HENEY II—*"Take up thy bed and walk"*

Most of us know Doug as a welcome visitor who drops in from time to time between attacks of scarlet fever. We were all deeply sorry, all kidding aside, when he caught it not once, but twice and, to top it off, got a dose of flu. It put a crimp in his studies, but fortunately Doug is coming back next year. We all hope the microbes will leave him alone, and that he will have better breaks next year.



CASTELLO—*"Blessed are the meek"*

Perhaps Cas is best known for his modesty. His mania for sartorial elegance remains undiminished; in fact, he is one of Ashbury's ten best dressed men. We hear reports that the mirror in his room is worn out and will soon have to be replaced. Seriously, though, Cas is popular, and is one of our best prefects. He is leaving us this year to grace the halls of Rosario U way down south in California.



HART I—*"O, that this too, too solid flesh . . ."*

Chris carries a lot of weight around Ashbury. He is well-known for a certain '27 Buick which is wreathed in clouds of mystery, for few of us can boast of ever having seen it. Chris has also become famous as an actor as "Sandy", in "Hay Fever". A good average in school, Chris cut an imposing figure on the gridiron. If Lady Luck doesn't play him false, Chris intends to go to McGill next year.



MACRAE—*"Where I made one—turn down an empty glass"*

Art—or Muscles as he is still sometimes called—is strictly academic, but has succeeded in making the soccer team after five years of trying. Rumour has it that he's ruined his life by wooing maths and science—"MacRae's Folly", they call it. There's some talk, too, about his being a silent partner in "The Heap". He has lately caused a scandal by sporting a pair of pajamas which they say were smuggled out of Alcatraz. Art has aspirations for McGill in the fall.



ROSS I—*"Jack be nimble, Jack be quick"*

Gil is monarch of all he surveys when it comes to wit and humour. He is one of our best scholars and also one of our best athletes. In short, it is hard to pick a fault with him. He can be seen driving a Plymouth around town at odd hours of the day and night, but we wonder whether he can drive with his feet yet? Handy, they say. . . . Gil intends to go to R.M.C. this fall, starting out as acting blank file without pay. He hopes to become a general in the navy.



HENEY I—*"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"*

Bauer (any German students around?) sits by with a quiet air and knowing look at all the common room discussions, from which we infer that he knows more than he lets on. He has been smarter than most at keeping his scandals out of the public eye. He warns us, however, that he'll sue if we resort to our own inventions. Generally well-liked, Bauer is returning to us next year.



MACNEIL I—*"Much can be made of a Scotchman, if caught young"*

Robin is Ashbury's own gift to the stage. We have it from reliable sources that he now signs his name "Noel Coward". He is known around the common room as the recipient of all those—Ah! Chanel No. 5—*lovely* letters from Elmwood. A promising athlete, Robin is best at rugby and broadjumping. They claim Robin is also very fond of mud especially the Mile Track variety. Robin is interested in drawing, and we hear he was out one morning to sketch "Sunrise over the Canal". He is good in school and sports, and has of late become a poet of note (cf. Literary Section). He has aspirations for the Navy, and is going to Royal Roads next fall, where he hopes to become last mate.

FORM NOTES

FORM VIA

Brownlee—Bruno has chalked up no mean record for himself in sports generally. In school, his remarkable effort keeps him at a good average. He can be identified at 1000 yards by his copious head of hair. Stan says "How Juvenile!" Plays cricket with the 1st team and is a determined member of the 1st hockey squad.

Burgoyne—Our own Einstein, Nick divides his time between getting 90's and getting on the Black List. He plays football and is guardian of the Holy Grail during ski season. An inveterate misogynist, Nick spends much of his classtime memorizing. He is a pro at chess and bridge, and is developing into a virtuoso on the 88.

Cavadias—Toli is our man of mystery from the Near East. Under that cloak of silence he hides no mean brain, and is going on to Engineering at Dawson College next year. We have ample proof, too, that he's no slouch on the track, as anyone will attest who has seen him run the "100" or clear the bar at 5 feet.

Dalrymple—Billy (he has no nickname) is quiet around school and keeps clear of trouble. At Easter in the same quiet way he got 84 in Algebra. Sir Dalrymple jousts as a Caitiff Knight. His interests are many and varied, including skiing, rugby, tennis, swimming and sailing, and chess for rainy days. Bill is also a keen bridge player.

Dreyfuss—Henry has done a great job as head boy, especially in view of his language difficulty. He has been vice-captain of football and captain of hockey, and shone as 2 i/c of the Cadet Corps. Hank won this year's science prize as well as several shields and trophies at the prize-giving.

Elmer—Fudd has never done anything to set himself apart and distinct from his fellows, unless it has been to show us that there is such a thing as ideal behaviour. Dick hopes to go to U.N.B. next year, and our best wishes go with him!

Gottlieb—Butch let himself in for a lot of kidding when he decided to reduce this spring. A national crisis developed when he lost his calorie-counter. Butch finds that no one knows what his middle initial stands for, and after due consideration decided he likes Mark.

Hart I—Chris plays 1st team cricket and football, and as a member of the prefect body has held up school discipline. Chris is a hydrophile, and is developing into a first-rate mechanic. He also turned in a fine performance in the play.

Heney I—Bow was captain of soccer this year, and a mainstay of the team. He also put in a good season's work on the cricket field. Out of school, Bower is a hunting enthusiast.

Heney II—Doug is reasonably good on both sides of the scale, athletics and academics. He was elected vice-captain of hockey and of cricket. Unfortunately, he was sick a good part of the winter, and didn't have much chance to show what he can do.

MacCordick—John is our mad scientist, spending his spare time wiring up his room in the most shocking manner. He is an ardent skier, and a tennis fan. John is also the class photographer.

MacNeil I—Robin's activities around school are many and varied. He was 24th man on the football squad, and bowls a mean break in cricket. Sickness kept him out of winter sports. In school, Robin pulls in a fair average. He has currently risen to the post of School Demos-thenes by taking the senior public speaking prize. Along the same lines, he starred in our school play "Hay Fever". Robin was the O.C. of our Cadet Corps, and turned in an admirable performance in a difficult job. Last but not least, he is an assistant editor of the *Ashburian*.

MacRae—Art's forte is languages, and he cleared the language side of prizes in Senior. Played for the 1st soccer team last fall. He is Editor of the *Ashburian* and our chief lesson reader.

Parsons I—The Curé's chief ambition in life is to get home as soon as possible after trig. class is out. Claims his chosen profession is *not* digging ditches. Costie was captain of the 2nd hockey and cricket teams and chief of the sigs in the cadet corps. He is a notorious member of 'Common Room Bridge, Inc.'

Price—Scott's idea of heaven is a place of superhighways and convertibles as far as the eye can see. Is vice-captain of skiing and captain of football. Any weekend he could be seen on the slopes of Camp Fortune.

Ross I—Gillies, we hear, took the Moosehead Whitely course so he could carry all his prizes on sports day. He won the Governor-General's Medal, the form prize, the English prize, the history prize and the maths prize, in addition to a number of medals and trophies for sports. Gil is another member of our illustrious ski team, and was also quarterback on the rugby team. As a member of the cricket XI too, he was not unknown to fame.

Sudar—Walter comes from the land where summer is winter, and as for winter. . . . He played with the 1st football squad, and made the 1st hockey team. Walt is a highly respected member of the community because he doesn't have to take any guff from anyone, Slav or otherwise.

Yates—Ah, that profile! Big Bill, Tiger, is a famous man about Ottawa and we're proud to have him here as ambassador of all that is rugged. Bill played first football and hockey this year, to the delight of all the local girls. His pastime is being funny.

FORM VIB

CASTELLO—Captain of the Boarders, and of Connaught House, our “Cas” played first-string middle for the rugby team this year and proved to be a dangerous man to look in the eye. He is the obvious choice for number one slot among the better dressed students of the school.

CLARK—“Will” is the Mad Malartic Miner. He was vice-captain and Left Fullback of the soccer team and could be counted on to hoof anything in sight out of sight, Remove soccer players not excepted.

CULLWICK—Bob played for the second rugby team and was one of the fastest men on the field. He has an agreeable knack of having his prep done (for his betters by his equals).

DARBY—“Bib” was a standout for the first rugby and hockey teams, being captain of the latter. We are pleased to be able to tell him that he is our choice for Ottawa’s next Chief of Police.

FERGUSON—“Fergy” is one of *the* students of the form and we fully expect him to be recommended. However, at this date all he can do is radiate sweetness and light—easy for him considering his form marks. An enthusiastic vice-captain of commuters.

GARDNER—“Mike” is from ‘Moreal’ and that’s no secret. Looking forward to chemical engineering, he has not yet blown his top. Lucky for Brandon they lost.

HALL—“Duh” is Ferguson’s rival in form work, and in addition has some dark secret for dispersing his corporeal presence—with his head in the clouds, his heart in the Little Theatre, and his nose to the grindstone, he keeps a thumb on the Annexe.

HARGREAVES—As expected, Pete starred once more in the school play. His performance receiving general acclaim, Mr. B. said he would make a marvellous ham, i.e., a full-grown Hamlet.

JOHNSON—Dave proved to be a never-failing source of fun, on or off the field, in or out of class, up and down the top flat. The Johnson Crop, however, proved to be a short lived fashion but demonstrated how pointed a head you can get.

LANGEVIN—Pierre was in the second rugby team again this year, and has also been playing in the first cricket eleven. From any angle, it is easy to see him as a huge success.

PRITCHARD—A strong silent man, Andy was an outstandingly speedy back for the first rugby field and right wing in the first hockey team. He even seemed to have plenty of speed left over for reporting out Fridays.

SETTON—“Toby” took an active part in the dramatics class this year. Not satisfied with being captain of his room, he acts as full-time

hall porter, night watchman, janitor, bouncer, interpreter, decorator, and bloodhound. Many a baleful stare greets any English-speaking foreign devils who would enter Room 17.

URBANOWICZ—"Urby" comes from behind the Iron Curtain, and he seems to have dragged some of it away sticking to his chin. After Chopin, language is his forte, both usually fortissimo.

VAN DER VOORT—Recently boosted to the dizzy height of room captain, "Vanders" played strongly in the line for the first rugby team this year. His position is this, "School is all very well for some of the people some of the time but include me out". It's the principle of the thing.

WEEKS—"Willy" played quarter on the second rugby field, left wing on the first hockey team, change bowler in the first cricket eleven, and jack-of-all trades in the Little Theatre movement. He also finds time to keep abreast of his studies and is thus an all-rounder bounder. Commercial art draws him, but not more strongly than motoring at present.

FORM VIC

MANUEL ARTOLA—Nickname "Art", played football on the first field, ski-ed this winter, and is a cricketer for the Under 16 eleven. He not only tops the class with his name, but also with his marks. This is his second year at Ashbury, and his home is in Matanzas, Cuba. He hopes someday to become a lawyer, but by the way he follows the sports columns he is more likely to be a sports writer. He is also a Room Captain.

JOHN ROBERT BALDWIN—Played football on the first field, hockey for the first field, and is 12th man on the first eleven cricket. Baldy is an industrious but slow worker, and he has hopes of becoming a scientist. He has been a Day student here for the past three years, and is the form Monitor of 6C. He won his weight in the Boxing Competition this year, and came 4th in the cross country.

JAMES F. BOYD—"Rastus", played football on the first field, ski-ed this winter, and is a member of the Track and Field Squad this spring. He manages to get fair marks by exerting himself in the pinches. This is Jim's 4th year at Ashbury. Last summer he occupied his time catching bugs up North, and so he has decided to become an Entomologist.

HARRY BROUSE—Jovial Harry hails from Ottawa, and this fall was an active player on the first field football. During the winter, he whiled away the time by skiing, and this spring is on the Track

and Field. Harry's main passtime is Yachting, and he spends most of the winter waiting for spring to come around again. He has been here now for two years, and hopes to achieve distinction this year in his Matriculation.

RICHARD E. CHERRIER—"Weiner", whose driving license was suspended early in the fall of 1948, has decided to open up a school for safe drivers. Was a member of the first Field Rugby this fall. He managed the first field Hockey team this winter. This summer term he is making a name for himself playing on the first cricket eleven. This is his second year at Ashbury, and he hopes someday to get into the Textile Industry.

BERNARD F. GENESOVE—"Bunnie" spends most of his time swimming when he is not at his studies. He is a fair worker and has thoughts of teaching Medicine when he gets older. If these thoughts prove too ambitious, he says he will go into the printing business. This is "Bunnie's" 4th year at Ashbury, and he has won the Public Speaking Prize in his class for the past three years.

WILLIAM GRESLEY—"Bill": likes his rest, and is a newcomer to Ashbury this year. Up till now, he has not proved to be an academic genius, but hopes to complete his Matriculation this year. Is also an interested student in Extra language subjects.

ROBERT EVAN GILL—Last fall Evan played football for the first Field and during the winter he was one of the school's outstanding skiers. This spring he is playing first XI cricket, and is turning out to be a fair bat. He is also a first rate Boxer, and a good athlete. His scholastics are not his best point, but they are about average. He has vague hopes of becoming a Doctor. This is his first year at Ashbury.

DAVID ROSS KERR—"Roscoe": played Soccer last fall as goal tender and played Hockey for the second team this winter. This spring he is the scorer for the first XI cricket team. He is a slow worker, but manages to get good results. Ross hails from Montreal, and he is the school Camera Projectionist. He has hopes one day of becoming a Senior Matriculation Graduate, and then he will go on from there. He is a Room Captain this year.

PAUL KOUTROULIS—Paul came late in the fall term and played soccer. He ski-ed last winter and this term is on the Track and Feld Team. Paul can understand English but he has difficulty in writing the language. He comes from Greece and in his spare time, is interested in the restaurant business.

DONALD EDWARD LYON—Don played football, spare goaly for the first team Hockey and this summer term he is with the Track and Field. His scholastics have improved a great deal, and he has

hopes of becoming a minister. Farming is his sideline, and he hails from Sherbrooke, P.Q. This is Don's third year at the College, and he won the Heavyweight Boxing this year.

DAVID MICHAEL MANSUR—Last fall Mike played second field rugby and in the winter he tended goals for the second hockey team. This summer term he is a member of the Cricket squad. He is one of the brighter boys in the class when he shows some effort even though he is one of the youngest. He has been at Ashbury for nine years and has yet not decided on a future career.

PHILLIP H. SMITH—"Flip" played second team Rugby this fall, and ski-ed during the winter. This term he is the scorer for the second field Cricket XI. Smittie neglects his work sometimes, but can usually be relied on in examinations. He is also one of the youngest in the class, and is becoming quite a ladies man. He has ambitions to get into the Navy.

ALBERTO SUAREZ—Hails from Bogota, Colombia, and is our most recently arrived member of the form. Alberto is a good fellow, and is making great strides in learning the language. He hopes to go to University next year in the United States. He is a member of the Tennis squad this spring.

JOHN LAWRENCE WOOD—"Woodie" played football for the first team last fall, and was one of the best skiers in the school. This term he is with the Track and Field group. This is Woodie's first year at Ashbury and his home town is Montebello. He does not take too well to hard work but has been making some progress in his studies.

REMOVE FORM

BUSK—Coming from England he has an excellent English History book which makes him very popular as an authority on the subject. We hear he intends to rent it out at \$1.00 per hour.

FINLAY I—In spite of all attempts to murder him on the operating table, he turned up a little before Christmas and has been active ever since. He is well known for his distaste for work and love of sleep (especially in class).

FOULKES—One of the form's more distinguished boys in sports, he did well as the captain of the second football team and is doing O.K. in cricket also. He doesn't do too badly in school either.

FRASER—A bright boy, he misses many History classes, but usually pops up with a stunning History Essay. He has the makings of a future politician.

GILBERT—Gilbert has been running true to form all year, and we hear that he is thinking (!) of starting a "Society for the Encouragement of Those who Ignore Prep". Good luck, Pete!

HUMBERT—An enthusiastic stamp collector and photographer, he has become quite well-known as such. (Have you fixed that flash-holder yet?)

IRWIN—One of the form's inevitable practical jokers (Ha! Ha!), he is quite popular (Ouch!) and usually provides us with a bit of amusement.

MACLAREN—One of the boys who was moved up from Form IV, he and McInnes usually have the competition between themselves (and Foulkes) for top honours in sports.

MAJOLI—Also moved up from Form IV, he detests work of any kind but is always ready for a bit of horseplay.

McINNES—Though he has the misfortune to come from Halifax, he is generally popular. He is good in both sports and school and has acquired a few trophies and a mania for horse-racing, especially in Latin Class.

LUYKEN—Moved up here from form V after Christmas, he is probably the sanest boy in the form, not having had much time to learn anything from us.

SCOTT I—Some people take dope—Scott talks. Nevertheless, he often shows a spark of intelligence; in fact he can be positively sane at times.

TISDALL—Definitely one of the more advanced cases of lunacy in our form, there is never a dull moment when he gets going.

YOUNGER I—Last, but certainly not least among the boys, "Woody" is noted for his red hair, and his habit of getting deathly sick when exams are on.

SHELL FORM

ABBOTT—"Rabbit", as he is called, is a staunch Liberal and is very witty. He plays soccer well and is excellent in the gymnasium.

CARNE—Comes from way down in Australia. He, too, is a good soccer player, and a fair skier.

CARVER—Peter came here with a reputation for smartness. Well, he *is* smart in *some* ways.

GILMAN—A bright student and a strong Conservative, with plenty of "wise-cracks". Keen on tennis.

GRIMSDALE—"Grimy" is our star cricketer. Until last year he was "studying" in England.

HART II—Laurie is known for his good-nature. Does not worry about anything—even work.

LEBOUTILLIER—Boots comes from Pennsylvania and is a great baseball fan. He is our import from Form IV.

MALIK—Comes from India. An excellent cricketer, he is also one of the “brains” of the class.

MANN—A keen horse enthusiast. Keen at hockey but not so keen at work.

ROSS II—A fast talker and a good gymnast generally. Sometimes leaps out of the frying pan.

SOBIE II—“Cy” is an excellent boxer as well as a good gymnast. Another of his outstanding accomplishments is football. On the whole, he is an all-rounder in sports.

WARNOCK—“Dreamboat” is tall and lanky and is “reaching” for his Latin.

WHARTON—“Wart” is quite good at football and tennis, but geometry is where he *really* shines.

YOUNGER II—“Robin” is another brain wave in the form. Keen in football and skiing, he is also a fine tennis player.

TRANSITUS

A is for Andrier
Who hails from Parea.
His English has improved
Hasn't it?—Oui?!

Bailey to everyone
Is known as “Scrow”;
Why this should be so
We really don't know.

Baron, the Duke,
To the Arctic is going;
At his sudden departure
Our sorrow we're showing.

B is for Beesley;
Some think he's funny.
That he'll pass his exams
We'll bet even money.

Briggs some call Einstein,
But why we don't know
For, in his mathematics,
He's really quite slow.

Carresco, a quiet boy,
Who's come up from Chile.
He doesn't like cricket
Now isn't that silly?!

C stands for Custer
Who hails from the States
To the top of the class
He's beat all his mates.

D is for Dillon
A keen hockey fan.
But he'll be a detective
When he is a man.

L is for Livingston
We hear he can cook,
But some of his dishes
Arn't as good as they look!

Maxwell, the Admiral,
A fine sailor he,
Went out on Dow's Lake
And fell in—Tee! hee! hee!

Nowakowski, our Pole,
Who makes a big noise;
In spite of this fact
He's liked by us boys.

Ned Rhodes, with this name
Should be a fine scholar.
We hope in his footsteps
Young David will follow.

Our monitor's Scott
And here let us mention,
His very pet hate
Is to be on detention.

Some five years ago
Don Shaw joined Form I;
Thro' the whole Junior School
His gamut he's run.

From a home in Chicago
Comes Christopher West
For personal neatness
He beats all the rest!

Now this is the end
Except our Form Master,
When we hear him coming
We work all the faster.

FORM IIIA

A is for Angrave,
The funniest boy of all;
He hates to do his work
But is good at basketball.

B is for Barbaro
Who comes from good old
France:
He tries to learn his English,
And we think he has a chance.

B is for Bon,
Who is learning to write;
He likes playing with girls,
But they skip out of sight.

F is for Finlay
Who captains the team
In cricket he's tops
In Latin he's green.

H is for Harwood
Who's quite good at gym;
But if it comes to work,
Then please don't ask *him*.

P is for Preston—
His ears, how they glow.
He is almost a sign
For Stop—Caution—Go!

R is for Ryan
Who sits in the form
And dreams through each class—
His marks are forlorn.

S is for Shirley
Who's been very ill;
We send him our best—
Good Luck and God's Will!

V is for Van Royen
From the land of the dykes;
When they go for an airing
They do so on bikes.

W is for Wells
The strongest in class;
He's very good at work
And will surely get a pass.

W is for Wilde
Whose behaviour is bad;
His effort is seldom,
His results—My! How sad!

W is for Wilson
Whose work has been steady;
His effort is worthy;
For promotion he's ready.

FORM II

A stands for Acheson,
Who likes to make a noise,
And comes to school most every
day
With his pockets full of toys.

A is also for Alexander,
Residing in Government House,
When he is in the classroom
He's as quiet as a mouse.

Next we have young Curry
From Osgoode Public School.
His glasses are always blurry
And he likes to play the fool.

From Brockville comes our
Gorrie
Who plays football like mad.
If he keeps at it this way
He'll be as good as his Dad.

H is for Bruce Hiney
A tiny little lad;
When he stops his fussing
We are all so very glad.

Then there's Tommy Kerr
A right smart lad is he.
But when he writes a story
No periods we see.

L stands for Lemon,
From Sweden far he comes.
Though not much in reading
He's excellent at "sums".

M is for Milbank,
A little English lad,
In class, he is so very good,
At games, he's not too bad.

Next there is McCulloch III,
A healthy Lancaster boy.
He's very slow at some things
And eating is his joy.

We also have Peter Murphy,
At gymnastics very good.
In class he's not at all like that
But could be if he would.

R is for Rhodes II,
A noisy little lad.
Sometimes he's well-behaved,
Mostly he is bad.

S stands for Singer,
From Montreal he comes;
He likes to sit a-dreaming
Or drawing men and guns.

Then there's Malcolm Sobie
Who minds the classroom door,
Everybody likes him
He is our Monitor.

S is also for Stephen
Usually very slow.
He's always asking questions,
Wherever he does go.

And next we have John Tolmie,
Who lives in Rockcliffe Park,
He's very fond of reading
And to him, French is a lark.

The last is Stephen Woolcombe,
The founder's young grandson,
At sports and games he is a whizz
And he came fifth in the "run".

FORM I

A is for Angrave.
To see Niagara Falls,
He says he's gone this summer,
To make a round of calls.

B is for Brouse
Who can't learn his spelling.
In relating this fact,
It's no secret we're telling.

G is for Gale,
Our chief story teller.
Without eyebrows and hands
He'd be silent—Poor feller!

K is for Kilcoin;
We call him "Bugs Bunny".
He doesn't like carrots—
Now isn't that funny.

L for Lancaric,
A new boy is he,
From Czechoslovakia
He crossed the blue sea.

M is for Milbank:
It's easy to see
What he had for his breakfast,
His dinner or tea!

P is for Parsons
Who walks with a cane;
He's broken his leg
Again and again.

S is for Scully.
To Blue Sea Lake went he.
He says he's going to catch some
fish

And bring them home for tea.

S again for Stephen
Who boasts of being a fighter;
Now isn't that unfortunate,
The horrid little blighter.

S for Stirling-Hamilton.
He crossed the wide Atlantic,
Aboard the Queen Elizabeth.
He drove his parents frantic!

Another S for Sully,
He's proud of his new bicycle,
Although we really feel
He'd be safer on a tricycle.

V is for Vincent.
Last year he went West.
In this same Ashburian
He tells us the rest.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION



Left to right: (Standing) R. W. Southam, A. B. R. Lawrence, Wm. F. Hadley, S. A. Gillies, M. E. Grant, G. H. Southam. (Seated) C. G. Gale, G. A. Woolcombe, W. G. Ross, Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, Canon G. P. Woolcombe, C. L. O. Glass, J. W. Sharp.

THE year 1948-49 has been a year of steady progress for the Association, strengthened by the increased interest and activity of its officers and members both in Ottawa and in the Montreal branch who have been working closely together to advance its position and indirectly that of the school.

The annual meeting and dinner on March 29th was held once more in the school, with the welcome addition of many new names to the roll-call. On this occasion we were fortunate to have with us, as our principal speaker, Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, United Kingdom High Commissioner in Canada.

In the course of making his report, Charles Gale, our president for the past year, stated that subscriptions to the Memorial and Endowment Fund campaign now totalled almost exactly \$40,000, received and pledged, and outlined the details for the further prosecution of this all-important part of the Association's activities.

He also noted that the Old Boys had defeated the School in football (8-0) and finally, after two years of tied games, at hockey (6-3). These, coupled with our recent win in cricket (reported elsewhere in this number) show that the Old Boys haven't forgotten everything about their major school sports.

A slate of officers for 1949-50 was proposed and duly elected into office. (We append their names, together with addresses and telephone numbers, for the convenience of any Old Boys and friends of the School who may wish to get in touch with the Committee).

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned and subsequently sat down in Hall, 71 strong, to a delicious dinner provided by Miss Burroughs, the School dietitian.

1949-1950 EXECUTIVE

President—Commander W. G. Ross, R.C.N., Naval Service Headquarters, Ottawa—9-2182.

Vice-President—R. W. Southam, The Citizen, Ottawa—2-2441.

Secretary—S. A. Gillies, 53 Queen St., Ottawa—5-8812.

Treasurer—J. A. Powell, Ashbury College—3-6462.

Committee—M. E. Grant, Dept. Trade & Commerce, Ottawa—9-5717.

Capt. G. A. Woolcombe, R.C.N., Naval Service Headquarters, Ottawa—9-6662.

C. G. Gale, 46 Elgin St., Ottawa—2-7880.

G. H. Southam, Dept. External Affairs, Ottawa—9-5253.

W. F. Hadley, 63 Main St., Hull, P.Q.—2-0192.

A. B. R. Lawrence, 56 Sparks St., Ottawa—2-1143.

C. L. O. Glass, Ashbury College—3-7193.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

Brigadier A. V. Tremaine has headed the delegation of Canadian officers to the United Nations Kashmir Commission to assist in the supervision of "cease-fire" arrangements in the State of Jammu and Kashmir.

George Murray (1935-38), while in Ottawa on Liberal Party business, paid the School a visit in January from Bridgewater, N.S. He reports that he still wears his football windbreaker.

We have news of G. R. Goodwin from London, Ont. Dick was School Captain in 1941-42, was wounded during the recent war, and has now settled down as a married man in journalism with the London Free Press.

James MacBrien has moved his law practice from Oshawa to Toronto with offices at 95 King St. East, and reports the birth of his daughter Caroline.

David Matthews, recently awarded a medal in Physics at Queens University, is among the winners of scholarships granted annually by the Research Council of Ontario for post-graduate research.

Commodore V. S. Godfrey has been appointed Commodore, Newfoundland, having recently been the Naval Member, Canadian Joint Staff and Canadian Naval Attaché, Washington, D.C.

H. D. Fripp has been re-elected President of the Ottawa Drama League.

We regret to announce the death of Hamilton Richards Morgan (1902-1912), Editor and Managing Director of the Brockville Recorder & Times.

James MacLaren has joined the faculty of Johns Hopkins University in Romance languages.

R. G. Shelford-Bidwell (1940-43) paid the School a visit in January. Tony took his B.Sc. at Dalhousie in 1947 and is now working in Plant Physiology with radioactive isotopes of carbon at Queens University. Address: 13, Officers' Quarters, R.M.C., Kingston, Ont.

We have word of A. E. James who left the School in 1915 and is now headmaster of Trailfinders School, Altadena, California.

C. W. J. Eliot, graduating this year in Classics at Trinity College, Toronto, has recently won the All Souls Prize in History. This is the first time that the prize has been awarded in Ancient History.

The graduating class at Bishop's this year includes E. B. Pilgrim (History) and M. G. Birchwood (Economics). The former plans to pursue a Master's degree at Lennoxville while the latter is looking towards a year in Journalism at Columbia University.

E. W. T. Gill has been elected President of the Canadian Club for the coming year.

Lieut. Commander V. J. Wilgress, R.C.N., has relinquished command of his naval air squadron in Halifax and is proceeding to the U.K. for further specialized courses.

Angus Wilson has graduated from O.A.C., Guelph, and is settling in ancestral surroundings near Rockland, Ont. Postal address: Cumberland.

Arthur Woodward writes from England that he is now occupied with his Army service. His permanent address is 15 Beverly Gardens, Cullercoats, Northumberland.

G. H. Southam, of the Department of External Affairs, will be joining the Canadian Legation, Stockholm, in September.

Commander W. G. Ross, R.C.N., has been appointed Director General of Naval Ordnance.

Dr. J. T. Wilson, Professor of Geophysics at the University of Toronto, was recently elected treasurer of the Arctic Institute of North America.

R. B. Farrell has been awarded one of nine fellowships by the Canadian Social Science Research Council. He is pursuing studies in the history of Canadian foreign policy at Harvard University.

E. S. Sherwood is on a travelling fellowship from the University of Chicago, at the request of the South African government, to carry out anthropological research in Johannesburg.

Colonel J. D. Fraser has once again been elected president of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association.

LITERARY SECTION

MR. SEBASTIEN VISITS THE BARBER SHOP

MR. Sebastien is a school master. In fact, he teaches the middle and junior forms in one of the boys so-called better private schools. Usually, he is a peaceful soul, but like all humans he has his moments. Occasionally, the juniors call him a "monster", but this is ridiculous because he is not really a school "monster" at all!

Every third Thursday afternoon Mr. Sebastien visits the barber. He can not break himself of this habit just as he can not break himself of toying with the strap on his wrist watch when "his" boys are reciting poetry. Positively it must be a Thursday afternoon because this is the only time during the week he is not busy teaching, correcting papers or setting examinations.

Mr. Sebastien says the journey from the school to the shop is rather dull because he must travel in a tram. He dislikes trams because he thinks, they too, look somewhat like monsters! (A word he does not take to, kindly). He associates noise with trollies and since he hears so much clamour during game periods at the school his conception is not at all without foundation.

Upon entering the barber shop, Mr. Sebastien immediately searches for "his" barber. Should the latter already be occupied with a customer, our schoolmaster becomes very irate and shows his disdain by snatching a magazine off the table, taking a chair directly opposite "his" barber, sitting down and proceeding to overturn the pages of the magazine with great gusto while scowling intermittently at his two antagonists. His barber's poker face breaks into a sickly smile then he continues nervously with the work at hand. The "unaccustomed" customer begins to feel most uncomfortable and prays continuously that the painful operation may soon end.

In a few moments the antagonized customer is on his feet, makes a mad grab for his hat and coat, feverishly fumbles in his pocket for some silver to pay the check and frantically hastens from the shop.

Mr. Sebastien rises, walks nonchalantly to the now vacant chair, sits down and begins to turn the pages of the magazine over quietly. He has chosen this particular barber because he is the oldest in the shop. Mr. Sebastien believes the oldest must be the most experienced. There is something to be said in his favour for such reasoning.

"His" barber timidly whispers, "Good afternoon", and begins with the clippers on the "back". Mr. Sebastien politely acknowledges the salutation and continues to read in silence. The beginning of any haircut is rather boring our schoolmaster contends. The only enjoyment from

this portion of the undertaking is to tell "his" barber he also wishes an oil shampoo.

When his hair has been cut, he immediately rids himself of the magazine and sits back, relaxed, to enjoy the massage which is performed as an important part of the modern day oil shampoo. Mr. Sebastien loves to feel the vibrator on his scalp. He says it gives him a strange and wonderful tingling sensation which he has never been able to discover from reading any one of his many books. He loves to feel the barber rubbing the oil into his fast becoming bald pate, and to imagine it lubricating the many small wheels that turn his oft-supposed unlimited mental machinery. The washing he enjoys, too, because he says he seldom has time to wash his hair.

All so-called hair "tonics" are frowned upon by Mr. Sebastien because he abhorrently pictures clouds of perfumed gases slowly arising from sleek "polished" hair. He regards such a state as effeminate, and says such pungent lotions should never be used in any proper boys' school.

Finally, "his" barber informs him he can rub, tug and brush no longer. The series of long drawn out events has ended. Mr. Sebastien appears very disappointed but says nothing; then he reluctantly arises from the chair, pays the check, gives "his" barber a schoolmaster's liberal tip and slowly walks out of the shop to catch one of the multi-wheeled "monsters" which will convey him safely back to his haven.

W.A.E.

WANDERLUST

I asked the sun what lay behind the mountains,
Beyond the towers that lift their backs
Against the heights, and stare
Hunch-shouldered on the trafficked streets.

The sun perhaps was in a teasing mood,
But talked instead of spring,
Of colour flushing to the cheeks of Earth,
A Catskin mantle for her frozen limbs.

I asked the sky what lay upon the verge
Of its uncharted blue. Its answer was
With gypsy eyes that smile above the token
Crystal, reading a fortune in our hearts.

I asked the lake, the smudge of silhouette beyond.
But silence seemed afraid to speak—
Afraid the pebble spoil its perfect glass
And carve reflection on the silver plane.

I asked the shadow sleeping on the ground
Beside me, haunting questions;
But it folded up its wings, and birdlike,
Swam unfellowed into dapper space.

C.G.D.

MY "LITERARY LAPSE"

I STRETCHED comfortably at my desk in the schoolroom, letting the early sunlight stream across me through the open window. The hazy spring morning had filled me with a delightful feeling of ennui. The slight drone of a plane from the nearby airport pulled my early-morning eyes upward, and I watched the fly-like, gleaming form wing swiftly into the blue.

Thus it was that I didn't mind too much when we were told that for our prep that evening we would write a narrative . . . a good one. I didn't mind, for that was something I'd done many times before and wouldn't mind doing many times again—a rather pleasant interval between Algebra and Physics.

The day passed evenly on its light Spring wings, and almost before I noticed it had gone I was sitting at the supper-table discussing such things as the quality of the food—as people do when they're trying to avoid discussing something else. My mind was occupied for a few moments by two boys, both trying unsuccessfully to extract one piece of butter each from one piece on the plate. My advanced mathematical studies having told me at once that this was impracticable, I settled the thing at once. However, I was soon wishing I'd let them squabble on. It would have kept me from trying to dream up the yet-undreamt-up.

Two hours later I was sitting in my room waiting, and nothing had yet come. I stood up, took off my jacket, rolled up my sleeves and sat down again. Then it seemed to me that I hadn't enough paper; after all, the forth-coming narrative might prove long. I got the paper and laid it neatly before me. I filled my pen, acquired a blotter, sat down again, put the pen to paper and waited —

Thirty minutes later I was still waiting, only there were several sheets of crumpled paper on and under the table, the pen had dried out, and my face had lost its look of expectant composure. I was nervous—nothing had come, and now it would have to come by brute force—a terrible thing for one who fancies himself blessed with imagination. I refilled the pen and began:

"The rain was pouring as John Baxter stepped—" I threw down the pen in disgust, and the few remaining strands of thought snapped as I discussed my predicament with a friend who had just happened along. He, however, had a story—something about rum-runners and the

R.C.M.P. On hearing this I callously snatched up my pen and paper and retired to his room where I found the school's Latin scholar in the throes of: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori—". I drew the wicker chair to the table; it was far too short and the goose-necked lamp wouldn't serve us both.

Suddenly, forsaking his academic efforts, my companion took great pains to show me a new pair of pajamas advertised by a local department store. Nearly sick at the revolting sight I rushed from the room and returned to my own. I again put pen to paper and—

"The rain was pouring as John Baxter stepped—". I nearly broke the window in my attempt to fling that sentence as far from me as possible.

Then came chapel. Ah! I thought. Now in the peace and quiet of the chapel, inspiration is sure to come rushing at me. I sat very still, looking at the wilting, week-old Easter flowers, and then it came. Out of the dusty rafters and sickly smell of old flowers came my story. It hurtled itself at me; bits of dialogue flowed out of my mouth and into the mouths of characters I'd never seen before. It was wonderful! My problem was solved!

Just then I realized I was the only person kneeling and so I scrambled to my feet and fumbled in my prayer book for the 68th Psalm . . . The words were intricate, and I stumbled over a few but soon they were coming smoothly.

We sat down and I remembered my story. At least I tried to, but all I got was the remembrance that I *had* had a wonderful story.

It wouldn't come back as I walked down the chapel steps. It wouldn't come back as I coaxed it with some cake and milk, or as I climbed the thirty-five steps to the upper-flat.

My room-mate was most helpful. He was engaged in a scientific experiment. It was to discover whether, when the radio was turned up to its most ear-splitting height, another boy at the far end of the lower-flat could hear it. I don't think he could—but it was, nevertheless, an admirable attempt on the part of my four-eyed friend. However, he seemed rather subdued after his failure, and only asked me twice (a record) how much time he had for a quick "puff".

Well, the story didn't come last night. I went to bed hoping that, as I had a double period the next day in which to work on it, it might return before too late.

When I awoke the next morning (this morning) something was troubling me—then I remembered that I couldn't remember my story.

My worthy room-mate, having let me sleep to the breakfast bell, could offer no assistance. At breakfast I was somewhat consoled by my English master who told me with quite a straight face that he didn't think that he could write a narrative under such conditions himself.

Well here I sit! The morning sun is again streaming across my desk and nineteen others with me are all putting the finishing touches on "The Crash", "The Cauliflower King" and "The Night Accident". I am the object of nineteen pairs of eyes, in fact I think you are looking at me too. I haven't thought of a subject yet, or have I?

I am whispering across to Parsons, and now I begin and suddenly that wonderful story comes back in every small detail. Quickly I begin—the first line:

"The rain was pouring as John Baxter stepped—"

MacNeil I—Form VIIa

IN YOUR ROOMS

The moonbeams glimmer on the walls,
A breathless silence seeps through the halls,
The striplings vanish from my sight—
This is Ashbury — This is night.
The sky above is dark and drear
Soon the sunlight will appear;
Toil and strife lie dormant here
Morpheus reigns without a peer.
My thoughts return to boyhood days
Of bats and balls and thrilling plays;
Of books and lessons by the score
Buns, crumpets and sweets galore!
My problems then that seemed so large
My mind today would soon discharge;
Thanks to thee; I to thee do drink
For in your rooms I learnt to think.

W.A.E.

THE PROUD ROBOT

JEFFERSON was lying on the couch in his laboratory, if such the shambles of test tubes, retorts and conglomeration of other scientific apparatus could be called. He had a singular liking for canned beer, which was shown by the number of empty tin containers strewn about the floor. He was trying to remember something, but not trying too

hard. It was about that robot he had constructed one night after he became "pickled". The thing was now standing over in the corner before a mirror, admiring itself, while cogs and gears meshed smoothly within a transparent coffin-shaped body.

Meanwhile, the man in the room with Jefferson was almost frantic: "I was talking to you less than a week ago, in this junk-heap, which you are pleased to call a laboratory. Don't you know who I am?", he bellowed.

"Candidly, no. Should I?" asked the other with genuine surprise, as he shifted position on the couch, preparing to go to sleep.

"You might at least have the decency to remember the proposition which I made and which you accepted. The one that said you were going to find a solution to the problem of making three dimensional television sets that won't infringe on the copyrights of Tru-Tone Television Incorporated. They've covered about everything, and unless I get some new idea, I'm out of business. I sell home television sets you know, and they are using the same type of model but on a larger scale, and in theatres. That draws audiences, and now no one wants to buy a home television receiver when they can see the shows for slightly less cost in the long run. Tru-Tone has a monopoly on all theatres now, and, unless I do something, I'm ruined. I thought you would be able to figure out something if anybody could".

"Oh, yes, I remember now. You are Alexander Vanning, of Television Industries, Limited".

"Exactly, dope. Now start thinking of an answer. You have five hundred grand coming to you if you can".

At that instant the conversation was interrupted by a squeaky, metallic voice: "Hello, you pompous ass. Don't you think I'm beautiful? But don't bother telling me, I realize it".

Vanning jumped, and then turned white; a horrified expression on his face. "What is that?" he screeched.

"Nothing", said Jefferson, with a look of boredom on his features. "Just a no-good robot that has a high opinion of himself. I can't control him and haven't the slightest idea why I made him. Oh, well".

After Vanning's departure, Jefferson turned to his robot: "Look, why did I create you?"

"Don't bother me", said the vain machine, "I'm admiring myself. Aren't my gears lovely?"

"Oh, piffle!", said the scientist hotly. Then, more gently: "Say, why don't you hypnotize yourself and release your subconscious mind?"

You might be able to see yourself better that way". The robot did not guess his creator's plan.

"Well, maybe", returned the robot. "I'll try".

Jefferson hastily pried open some beer cans to prepare himself, cutting his finger in the process. "Damn!", he ejaculated.

"I wish they'd make these cans easier to open". He drank long and deeply and thought to himself: So far the robot is out of control, but if I could just discover the reason why I have made the machine, I could command the robot to perform its function and make it a slave to me from now on. It would perform any reasonable task I ask. Such is the robot's nature. After all, radioatomic brains do not function like the human brain, save in a few respects. If the robot was hypnotized, it might reveal its secret. But why the devil did I make it anyway, when I should have been pondering over Vanning's difficulty?

He poured more liquor down his scarified gullet as he lay flat on his back. He usually called the robot "Joe" when he wished to reason with it, as "Joe" liked to be thought of as a significant machine.

"Joe", Jefferson asked, "are you hypnotized?"

"Yes".

"Are you beautiful?"

"More than I ever dreamed".

"Why did I create you?" No answer. He licked his lips and tried again:

"Joe, you've got to answer me. Why did I make you?"

Hesitatingly, a faint, muffled voice proceeded as if from the interior of the machine.

"One night last week you were opening beer cans. You cut your finger just like you did tonight. You said you were going to make a bigger and better can opener; that's me!".

Jefferson practically fell off the couch. "So that's it!"

"Huh?" said the robot as it seemed to awake from a daze.

"Open that can!", yelled Jefferson.

"Oh, so you discovered my secret. Well, I guess I'm just a slave to you now".

"Dammed right you are. But, oh well, what difference does it make? I still haven't solved Vannings' problem".

"Yes you have", said the robot. "You made the solution to the problem in me. You made me capable of producing a certain subsonic note, which, when broadcast in the three dimensional television theatres would make the crowd first uneasy, and then panicky. The people would feel they would have to get out, for some unknown reason, and soon they would be jamming the exits in a desperate effort to escape.

The television theatres would go out of business. You see, subsonic notes cannot be heard, but they can be felt. They have this peculiar psychological effect on people”.

And so it was. Soon every theatre in the city was closing up, and more and more people wanted the home models. Vanning's business picked up wonderfully, while Tru-Tone faded to the background. Jefferson collected a staggering cheque from Vanning, so he celebrated at his laboratory with a new shipment of canned beer. The robot opened his whole stock of cans with the greatest of ease, and Jefferson drank. He lavishly praised the robot, which had now lost its vanity.

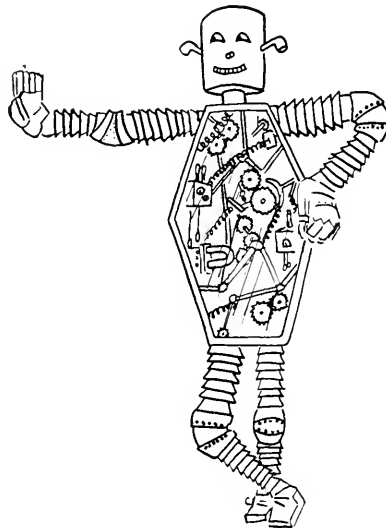
“Let's sing a duet, Joe”.

“You're drunk”, Joe answered in a characteristic metallic voice.

“I know, but let's sing anyway”.

They did, and a moment later all the dogs in the neighbourhood were howling.

MacCordick, Form VIA.



THE SONG OF THE PEANUT VENDOR

Though lowly is my station, I ply my occupation
 With a sweet regard for all men and an envious thought for none;
 Though my feet know little leisure, in my thoughts I find my pleasure,
 And I dream on deep philosophies and ponder in the sun.
 O'er the heads of grubby people I behold the gleaming steeple
 And my fancy's skyward sweeping on vermillion feathered wing;
 As I trudge through grimy places I can see the flowered faces
 Of the clover and the apple-bloom, and birds that soar and sing.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN — FATHER OF
NEW FRANCE

Nobody knows what Samuel de Champlain looked like when he was born or how he spent the early part of his life. The portraits we see in our history books, supposedly of Champlain, are in fact of Michel Particelli—Controleur-général des Finances under Louis XIV. The original portrait, once thought to be by Moncornet, is really by an unscrupulous painter called Ducornet, who was born without arms and with only one foot, but with brush in his teeth and palette in his toes produced a considerable number of paintings. We do know that Champlain was a great man and a good man, and the first man that ever loved Canada.

He was born sometime between 1564 and 1573, probably in 1567. His father was a sea-captain of the little city of Brouage. We know nothing of his youth but no doubt he made an early acquaintance with death, privation and want in the frequent sieges this little town underwent during the Huguenot-Catholic wars. He served as billeting officer in the army of Henry IV, and this war-time connection with the King was to prove useful when the time came that Champlain wanted the royal favour for his North American ventures.

He later was able to accompany the Spanish fleet in one of its transatlantic voyages where he was of further service to his king when he mapped the Spanish defences in the New World. But the real inspiration did not come into his life until he set foot on the shores of Canada on May 27, 1603.

This first voyage was made under the patronage of Vice-Admiral De Chastes, but the expedition was commanded by Pontgravé—a man whom Champlain always liked and admired throughout their association together. In his account of the trip over, Champlain tells only of the things that would interest a seaman like himself, but his accounts of the Indians and their customs omit very little. When they arrived, there were signs of great commotion among the natives on the shore. But the explorers went ashore with the two Indians that they had taken over to France, and making signs to show their peaceful intent, they were invited to the chief's great lodge where they found a feast in progress.

One of the Indians from France gave a long speech in which he told the others that the great French King wished to be their friend and would help them make peace with their enemies the Iroquois or send mighty armies to help wipe them out. After the natives had replied with many protestations of good-will and affection, the great

feast began. This feast was to celebrate one of the few victories against the Iroquois. The explorers continued down the river to the Lachine rapids and then returned home.

On arrival in France they found that De Chastes was dead. Champlain then went to the King. He brought with him several curiosities from the new land, one of them being the son of an Indian chief. This little boy was dressed in fine clothes. He died within a year.

Champlain explained to the King how injurious it would be if the fur-trade was thrown open to all—to which the King agreed. He was then put in touch with Pierre du Gua, sieur de Monts, who was interested in procuring a monopoly. As an old friend and fellow-campaigner with the King, he had little difficulty in procuring the post of lieutenant-general and vice-admiral of New France. Champlain took the post of Geographer and Cartographer to the expedition. This time two ships were to make the trip—one captained by Pontgravé and the other by Captain Timothée of Le Havre. Many young noblemen went on the trip, some because they had a lust for adventure, some restless with the ease and comfort in France. Also going on this voyage were one hundred and twenty artisans, Carpenters, masons and soldiers. So, on March 7, 1604 the two ships set sail, starting the first venture in colonization since Cartier's second trip.

Once they had reached their rendezvous Champlain set off with a party to chart the coast. When he returned, it was time to think about a place for the winter. They finally chose St. Croix Island. The reason for this was principally fear of Indians, but nevertheless it was a bad choice. On this island there was no protection from the bitter north wind—the place was simply unsuitable for settlement. Once the choice had been made—all set to work with a will and built a storehouse, five houses, a chapel, a forge, an oven and a mill. It has been quoted to show that the French were so supremely ignorant of this country that they brought their woodwork. The woodwork however was merely the sort of thing that couldn't be made in the new settlement such as window frames.

The winter passed with many dying of scurvy. The next winter was spent at Port Royal. This was in all respects a more suitable place to spend the winter. Champlain had been away for several months on a tour of exploration but the majority of the settlers remained in Port Royal. Since both Champlain and de Monts were away, the men began to get restless, and spoke of deserting Champlain and going back home. But thanks to the genius of Marc Lescarbot—an adventurous poet—the situation was saved and the first Canadian drama welcomed the returning voyagers.

The second winter was in all respects more successful than the first. The Order of Good Cheer kept the men in good spirits and kept the food of good quality. This was a competitive organization whereby each man in turn was in charge of the food for a day. Each man tried to have for his day food of better and more original quality than the others.

In the fall of 1607, Champlain was obliged to return to France in order to get the monopoly renewed. This accomplished, he returned to Canada. This time he established settlement at Quebec. The Indians soon called him to his promises to help them in their wars against the Iroquois and finally Champlain accompanied them on one of their raids and completely terrified the enemy.

That fall he was summoned to France to make his report. The monopoly had expired but the company decided to continue with the project anyway. They discovered that it didn't work that way, and when the news came of King Henry's assassination, Champlain had to go back to France again. While he was there he married Hélène Boullé, a young girl of twelve. This time he returned to Canada and was the first white man to shoot the Lachine Rapids.

He did some profitable trading before he returned to France that fall. There he injured himself and it was not until March that he was able to go to Canada.

During the next few years he did many things. He firmly established the settlement at Quebec, explored and mapped a great part of the country as far as the Great Lakes, and conducted a major attack against the Iroquois, and on his frequent trips to France he campaigned vigorously for the rights of the colony. When the English took it illegally—Champlain was tireless in his efforts to get the apathetic officials to take some interest in getting it back.

All through his life, Champlain had to work hard against the apathy of the scheming power-holders. Without such a man as he—New France would never have existed for more than 10 years.

He was greatly admired and loved by the Indians who sincerely mourned for him after his death on Christmas Day 1635. They always knew that they could trust him. All through his life he was driven on by a vision of Christian French and Christian Indian living together in harmony in a greater Canada.

SOURCES

Champlain—The Life of Fortitude, by Morris Bishop.

Fraser, Form Remove.

OBSERVE AND CONSERVE

IN RECENT years there has been a wide awakening of interest in natural history, particularly in that branch which deals with birds and their habits. People throughout the country are beginning to realize the wealth of pleasure which may be derived from the observation and conservation of natural objects.

When our grandfathers were young, not so many years ago, it was necessary to "collect" birds, as you might stamps, in order to study them. Due to the publication of well illustrated guidebooks this has proved no longer essential. My grandfather, when in his prime, had quite a substantial collection of birds and their eggs, which proved a constant source of regret to him throughout his life.

There are really two sides to ornithology, the scientific angle, dealing specifically with a special phase in birdlife, and the "purely entertainment value" side which usually contains all phases in a condensed and more elementary form. Of course the latter is by far the more popular, but the former is gradually coming into its own.

That the bird-watcher has plenty of opportunity of adding to his sum of knowledge as well as enjoying himself is testified by Julian Huxley when he says that, "we are still not in possession of even a moderately full knowledge of the actions and detailed way of life of any but a few British birds."

To prove the wide appeal of ornithology may I tell the following story: Recently a Richardson's Owl, from the sub-arctic, was seen by three school boys in the Toronto district. Quickly the news "leaked" out and in a matter of hours a history professor, two bank managers, a locomotive engineer, a government munitions inspector, a professional ornithologist, a furrier, a zoo keeper and several inquisitive school children were on the scene, all hoping for a glimpse of the strange winter visitor. This is but an example of the growth of the hobby in Ontario alone. In Toronto over one thousand people belong to naturalists' organizations, of which there are many scattered throughout the province. There is also a Federation of Ontario Naturalists which co-ordinates the efforts of the individual groups.

To spur the interest of all Scotsmen in my reading audience may I point out that ornithology on a small scale is not in the least expensive. I claim that it will only cost you the price of a reliable bird book and no more. During the summer of 1947, with my Tory Peterson volume, I saw over seventy different species in the Ottawa district alone. I must admit that towards the end of the summer I began to use a small pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses, but these did not greatly extend my vision.

Conservation is the direct result of ornithology; if enough of our people became interested in birdlife and its welfare, they would perhaps unconsciously, help others to learn to enjoy and conserve at the same time. We are not living in our grandfather's day when it was necessary "to collect to observe." I do not mean to say that hunting of wildlife should be entirely prohibited, for it is quite easy to see the hunter's point of view on such a radical change, but if the sport is carefully regulated and effective laws passed protecting the songbird, the world outside the cities would be a much more pleasant place. We must try to convince the people of our country of the imperativeness of conserving what natural resources we have left with us. If we do not work quickly our chance will soon be gone forever and our names shall be a blennish on future generations. Scott I, Form Remove.

ON THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

Take one big cake of ice
And perhaps a touch of vice,
To start our recipe.

Add a pinch of wasted time,
Take away all sane design.
The result? Grim tragedy.

She needs no war in sight,
Nor any flashes bright;
No torpedoes needed she;

For as they later said,
"Everyone just went to bed,"
While the band played mournfully.

MacNeil I, Form VIA.

THE STORY OF AGRICULTURE

AGRICULTURE is the oldest of all occupations. "The first farmer", says Emerson, "was the first man".

Agriculture is also the most widely-extended and most important of all occupations. Many people do not realize the importance of agriculture. Most of the essential things that men need, like food and clothing, come from the country.

Agriculture began when the first man took some plants for his food. The next step was when the man scratched the ground and planted seeds. Then men built a plow from a forked stick. This plow was hauled by two or three men and was held in position by another. This work was too hard for them and men tamed the ox for hauling that plow. The ox was and still is used to carry burdens also.

From this single beginning agriculture has advanced through the centuries until today great engines do the work of man and beast. There are now some engines that harvest, thrash and sack the grain ready for market.

The progress of agriculture has advanced about as rapidly as other arts. The more rapid advance in recent times is due to the following:

(a) *Transportation*

If a farmer produces corn, for example, and he cannot transport it to a market where he can sell it, it is of no use. Since the transportation is better now the farmers can produce more and easily sell it to the consumers. Thus transportation has helped a great deal in the progress of agriculture.

(b) *Machinery*

Machinery has also helped very much in the progress of agriculture. The machines used now in farms do the work of ten men. The work is done better and faster. The cultivation of the great farms on the prairies in Canada as well as in the United States would be impossible without machines. Simple implements such as the axe, the rake and the spade have improved also making agriculture much easier.

(c) *Chemistry*

Chemistry has also contributed to the progress of agriculture. The farmer can now learn in the agricultural colleges the kind of crops he can raise on his farm with greatest success. Agricultural chemistry may now be studied in newly built colleges.

(d) *Education*

The farmers did not know many things about the constitution of the soil a few years ago. There is now a great demand for graduates from colleges and high schools. The demand for supervisors and teachers of agriculture is also very great.

(e) *Scientific Agriculture*

All the factors above have combined to make agriculture a science and an art. Many scientists are even in the remotest parts of this world to help the farmers solve their problems.

(f) *Prevention of Disease*

The prevention of disease is an essential part of agriculture. The diseases are always robbing the farmers of their profits. Now science saves the farmer millions of dollars.

BRANCHES OF AGRICULTURE

Agriculture is so widely-extended that it has to be divided up in many branches. Most farmers give attention to one or two branches of agriculture.

The following are the principal branches in America:

(a) *Cereal Raising*

In some regions the soil and climate are adapted to the raising of different cereals. For example Canada, Minnesota, and North Dakota are adapted to the raising of spring wheat.

(b) *Other Crops*

In some of the northern states of the United States where the climate is cool, flax is extensively grown. Potatoes are also grown in these regions. Oats and other cereals are also grown in these regions.

(c) *Horticulture*

Horticulture is the branch of agriculture which includes the raising of flowers, the keeping of gardens, the raising of vegetables and fruits. All forms of horticulture are intensified farming, that is the cultivation of a small piece of land that is highly fertilized.

(d) *Live Stock*

Some localities are especially adapted to raising live stock. These regions are those in which the soil is adapted to the cultivation of alfalfa and other crops as food for the animals.

INCREASE IN THE VALUE OF LAND

There are several reasons for the increase in the value of land in the last forty years. One of them is the increased production per acre. Another reason is the increase in population. All land is gradually being occupied and leaving less place for other people thereby increasing the demand for land and so increasing its value.

The demand for farm products is increasing with the growth of population. The price of farm products has increased also making the price of other products rise.

Many countries not only feed their population, but export to other countries.

The governments of many countries are now helping the farmers. They are building agricultural colleges to make life for the farmers better and easier.

Luyken, Form Remove.

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF LUZON

THE island of Luzon is the largest and most northerly in the Philippine Archipelago. It is nearly a hundred and fifty miles long and over seventy-five miles wide at one point. The lowlands near the sea, and the southern part, are inhabited by Japanese and docile Phillipinos, but the northern interior is inhabited by fierce head-hunting tribes who prey on those individuals who stray too far from civilization.

During the Second World War (1939-1945), a large number of Japanese troops "disappeared" while they occupied the country. The outposts, stationed in the hills to put down uprisings, often were never heard from, and when the patrol that was usually sent out to contact these reached its destination it would find only a few headless bodies and some of the very heavy equipment that had been sent up there. What had happened?

Eventually this mystery was solved.

The head-hunting tribes would prepare for war and then leave their village. They would crouch near the outpost awaiting the signal to attack. Then the chief's warwhoop would be echoed and re-echoed to his men, as they attacked and exterminated the surprised garrison. As very little resistance was offered the ground would soon be covered with blood and bodies. Then, with the heads and equipment of the soldiers carried with them, and desolation and death behind them, they would triumphantly march back to their village. The heads and equipment were distributed among the members of the tribe.

The heads were shrunk and preserved by the tribe's special process. The different tribes had different methods of preservation. There are always heads of victims mounted on the door posts of the village.

These tribes did so much harm to the Japanese that the Allies were grateful, although no one has offered to convey that information to the tribes. Somehow the climate never agrees with those who were ordered to carry the message.

Gilbert, Form Remove.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SAMUEL PEPYS

SAMUEL Pepys was a more-than-average citizen of his age, but it is not his achievements in public life that make him an important historical figure of his day—it is the fact that for nine years of his life, he kept a diary, giving us a human and living picture of life during that troubled period.

He was born on February 23, 1633, in a little room above the tailor shop owned by his father—John Pepys. His mother was Margaret Kite, the sister of a Westchapel butcher, and formerly a washmaid. He

came from an ancient family, but he himself did not think that his ancestors had ever amounted to much.

He got his early education at Huntington and later went to St. Paul's—a seminary of learning presided over by the Puritan Dr. Langley, of whom Pepys wrote "his awful presence and speech struck mighty respect and fear into his scholars, which however, wore off a little after they were used to him." He left St. Pauls for Trinity College in Cambridge in 1650 where we know little of him except that he was severely reprimanded for being "scandoulously overseene in drink" one night.

He took his degree in 1653, and in 1655 at the age of 22, he married Elizabeth St. Michel, the fifteen year old daughter of a poor gentleman. The young couple were peniless until Pepys was employed as personal secretary to his cousin—Sir Edward Montagu. He continued in this capacity for some time until he was engaged as clerk under Mr. George Downing, later created a baronet at the Restoration.

It is during this period that he began his diary—on Jan. 1, 1660, until his sight began to give out, more than nine years later. He wrote the diary in a sort of cipher-shorthand, which not only saved space, but served as a guard against any of his secret thoughts being made public. In fact it took a scholar seven years to decipher the diary—after he had guessed the key.

Pepys was soon after made secretary to the two Generals of the fleet, and accompanied Sir Edward Montagu to bring home Charles II.

In June 1660, Pepys was nominated Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, in recognition of his services. He therefore moved to a house belonging to the Navy Office in Seething Lane in the parish of St. Olave Hart Street.

Pepys was a hard-working man, but nevertheless he did an amazing amount of theatre going, etc., after he had discharged his duties as Clerk of the Acts. He worked hard to ensure order and economy in the matter of Dockyard expenses, and he tried to check the rapacity of the contractors who then supplied the navy. In all possible ways he tried to reform the navy administration.

During the Dutch war, he redoubled his efforts; in fact he was one of the few to remain in the city during the great plague, and he remained at his post the whole time. He soon became Treasurer to the Commissioners of the affairs of Tangier. During the great fire in London, he rendered great service in sending dockmen to blow up houses, arresting the fire.

Soon, however, came the memorable episode of the Dutch enterprise against Catham, and Pepys was involved in a parliamentary inquiry. He was elected to prepare the defence of himself and his colleagues.

and in a three hour speech, he totally convinced the inquiring board of their innocence, and the matter was dropped.

It was soon after this, that Pepys was obliged to discontinue his diary. "And thus ends all," he writes, "that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in hand, and therefore whatever comes of it I must forebear; and resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in longhand, and must therefore be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know . . . And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for which, and for all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the Good God prepare me."

He did not actually go blind—in fact the disorder did not gain ground during the rest of his life.

Then, for the first time in nine years, he took a rest from his labours, going on a trip through France, Belgium and Holland with his wife. Unfortunately, soon after their return, Mrs. Pepys died.

This sad event prevented Pepys from attending the election at Aldborough, where he had been proposed as a candidate. Despite the efforts on his behalf by the Duke of York and Lord Henry Howard, Pepys was defeated. Later elected in another seat, he was charged with Papish sympathy, but was soon vindicated.

Later he and another were locked up in the Tower on the charge of selling British naval information to the French. The trial was delayed for months and it was a long time before the two men were allowed bail. Later they were let off.

He retired from his secretaryship and for five years lived with his friend Will Hewer but in 1684 Charles summoned him as Secretary for the affairs of the Admiralty of England. In this post he continued until the abdication of James II when he retired for good.

For the next 14 years he devoted himself to his library and as president of the Royal Society he spent a quiet time until his death on May 26, 1703. He left his books, etc., to Magdalene College where they still may be found.

Sources:

- 1) Samuel Pepys the Man in the Making, by Arthur Bryant.
- 2) Pepys Diary and Correspondences, Deciphered by Rev. J. Smith, A.M.
- 3) Everybody's Pepys, by O. F. Morshead.
- 4) English Writers
- 5) Comptons pictured Encyclopaedia.

Fraser—Form Remove

IN MEMORIAM

We looked, but did not look,
And ere we looked again
A page was torn from Life's big book.

We saw, but did not see,
And ere we saw him well,
He was no more to be.

So we hope, and still do hope
That we may make of us,
As much as he.

MacNeil I, Form VIA.

LAC DES ISLES

AS ITS name implies, this medium sized lake in the heart of the Laurentians has many an island, large and small, dotting its placid surface. Surrounded by towering mountains, it is a haven of peace and quiet, and a refuge from the noise and worry of the city.

Early one morning a few friends of mine and I were paddling slowly along on the lake. Just as we passed one of the islands, the sun seemed to jump over the tip of the highest mountain, shedding its brilliant light everywhere. We were floating in a sea of molten bronze. The trees on the shore and on the sides of the mountains above were instantly changed from dark green to brilliant red. Even the clouds seemed to be on fire. This slowly died away as that radiant orb, the sun, climbed higher.

The trees were mostly evergreens and birch. Occasionally a towering oak would dwarf the grove of pines and birches in which it was standing. Here and there a clearing surrounded by maple saplings would appear, or a lone pine standing on the crest of a hill. Sometimes a bold crag would jut out from the surrounding terrain and block off a large portion of the sky with its hard lines.

The woods had awakened. Small birds chirped as they hunted for food among the birches. An owl gave a last tired "hoot" and went to sleep for the day. A bear came down to the lake for a drink, then slowly ambled off to find a bed in a hollow log, or a large pile of brush. A few minutes later a huge bull moose stepped magnificently into the shallow water, drank, and then stood calmly waiting for his mate and calf, while a raccoon washed off a freshly caught brook trout.

Two deer stepped out of a pine grove and started to swim toward a small island covered with blueberries.

Quietly we dipped our paddles in the water and continued on our way.
Gilbert. Remove.

PORTRAITS OF MY MOTHER

HERE is a woman who has something of God through her great love and much of an angel through her constant care.

A woman that when young has the reflection of an old one, and when old works with the vigour of a young one.

A woman who, if she is strong, trembles with the cry of a child; and if she is weak assumes sometimes the ferocity of a lion.

A woman who, if she is ignorant, resolves the problems of life with more skill than the wise; and if she is learned, settles with simplicity the problems of those she loves.

A woman who, if she is rich, would give with joy her fortune not suffering in her heart the wound of ingratitude.

A woman while living we do not know how to appreciate because at her side all pains are forgotten, but, after her death, we would give all we are, all we have, to see her only once more, to receive only one embrace from her, and to hear only one accent from her lips.

(Translated from the work of the Chilean author, Ramon Angel Jara.)

Yrarrazaval—Form V.

NO ONE KNOWS

STANLEY Pie made his living in the outlying town of Slough near London. He lived at 24 Chippendale Rd. and worked at the local Berkley's Bank as a teller. A favourite hobby of his was art, although he had told no one of his flair. The reason for this was clear, for he had been brought up to believe that nothing he did had any great merit, that he could not think for himself, and in addition he was treated in the same way by his wife. Thus, everything he had any great success in, the meek little man with the glasses dangling on his nose didn't dare to think he had done so well. In short, the name for the way he was being treated throughout his life was "henpecked".

One Saturday there was an advertisement for an expedition to Brighton on the Sea, in the *London Times* and Stanley Pie, bright and early the next morning gathered his paints together and joined the jovial group of holiday-makers.

After having painted a picture and done all the things that one must do at such a seaside resort as Brighton, he arrived home as tired out as any man would be after such a strenuous day's exercise. That night he didn't trouble to unpack his painting equipment so it wasn't until the next morning that he discovered his painting was lost. The only place he could think of having lost it was at Paddington Station where he had changed trains. The little man didn't think of it much more as it wasn't very good in any case.

About a month later, he visited the Tate Gallery, as one of the greatest of English painters displayed his latest works. As he walked through the great echoing halls to the room being fitted for the purpose, he glanced at the old pictures, and to his great surprise and amazement, what should he see amongst the works of the great masters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries but his painting that had disappeared. How it had arrived there he had no idea, but he was sure that some mistake had been made, that someone along the line had made a slip. It was impossible that he could be a painter such as he was here made out to be for his wife herself had told him that he hadn't any great ability in anything. Thus, Stanley Pie was swept from seeming lifelong glory in a moment of decision. But even then he was reluctant to leave the matter alone without proof of his theory. So, in the waning hours of the afternoon of the following Sunday, a figure crept stealthily to the steps of the Melon Gallery, placed a canvas on the fourth step, and darted away into the ever-lengthening shadows. After that, he visited many famous London art galleries, but to no avail, his painting was not to be found.

A few years later, the painting had not yet turned up and all traces of the matter had been forgotten. One day Stanley Pie, on the way home from an expedition to London, went to a fish shop in Eastcheap to buy some fish for supper. There was a sign standing on the counter that said

"Special Today
Fresh Haddock
6d per pound"

as he glanced at the advertisement, he noticed that on the back of the canvas was his picture—the one he had left in front of the art gallery. So this finally solved the mystery; he had proven himself right to the last, and he now wended his way homeward with satisfaction.

Ten years later, on March 21st, there was an obituary notice in the *London Times* which read as follows:—

"Stanley Pie, aged 50 years, died last night in a Slough hospital. Is now resting at Williams Funeral Chapel in Eastcheap. He is survived by his wife, Anna, and two children, Joseph, 18; and Elizabeth, 20."

In the same paper on the second page was the following headline:—
"Second Anonymous Painting Discovered in Eastcheap Fish Store".

The article then continued to tell of the finding of the painting and reported several critics' theories. The last few lines ran:—

"The opinion of most of the critics seems to be that at last a new aspect of painting has been discovered. Whoever the painter of the picture is if he claims the canvas, he will receive thousands. (I certainly wish I was in that fellow's boots now). But where and who the author is, no one knows".

Carver, Form Shell.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

THIS is the story of the world's oldest race—natives of the world's oldest country—the Aborigines of Australia. The origin of the Australian aborigine is not clearly known. It is said that they arrived from some other country millions of years ago. But there is another tribe that puzzles anthropologists—the “fuzzie-wuzzies” of New Guinea. The puzzling thing is that there used to be a tribe of “fuzzie-wuzzies” in Tasmania also—now extinct. These two similar peoples lived with a whole continent between them—a continent that held a race completely different from themselves—the Aborigines. This separation has not been completely explained.

There are many tribes of Aborigines in Australia separated only by the physical features of the land, such as mountain ranges; not by feuds or bitterness.

Tribal wars were discontinued many years ago. Naturally a few quarrels break out but they are settled before mass conflict occurs. These tribes differ greatly in language with only a few words common to any two tribes. A tribe living on one side of a river may not be able to understand a tribe living on the other. Each language has almost as many conjugations and declensions as Greek, which is proof that they are not as *primitive* as many people think. The Arundta tribe also has a handsign language taking the place of phrases such as running up the hill.” The languages are all very pretty.

A few habits are different owing mainly to the weather of their whereabouts, but the main principle of life is the same in every tribe. Their only source of food is the animals they catch. They do not cultivate the land for they are often on the move. They love to eat kangaroos, snakes, goannas, and delight in munching a big, fat, juicy witchedy grub.

They wear few or no clothes, and neither would any sensible person living in the climate in which they do. Since the coming of white men some have learned to wear clothes which is one of their biggest downfalls as they catch some diseases from this and may die.

As the white people increased their numbers the Aborigines moved further and further back into the interior of Australia to Arnhem Land especially.

As for their physical features they are as tall as the average European, with black curly hair. The chin is protuberant, the lips thick but not protuberant, and the eyes brown and twinkling, and the face wrinkled from smiling and sunshine. Their skin is a chocolate colour, not black, and the babies are born a honey-colour. The parents industriously rub ashes into the skin of their babies with the belief that without this ritual their child's skin will not grow dark. Actually the

child's skin grows a dark brown under natural circumstances without this ritual.

The character of the Aborigines on the whole is an admirable one. They are kind, alert and physically enduring. They are always bright and smiling. They will laugh at almost anything—the sun coming up, the trees swaying in the breeze, the animals that they do not kill, the children learning to hunt and many other things.

They tell many beautiful legends handed down through the ages explaining the star formations, the coming of the animals and many other interesting little stories. They also hold many beliefs and fears of imaginary animals and monsters such as the bunyip that will, they say, catch little children if they go out by night.

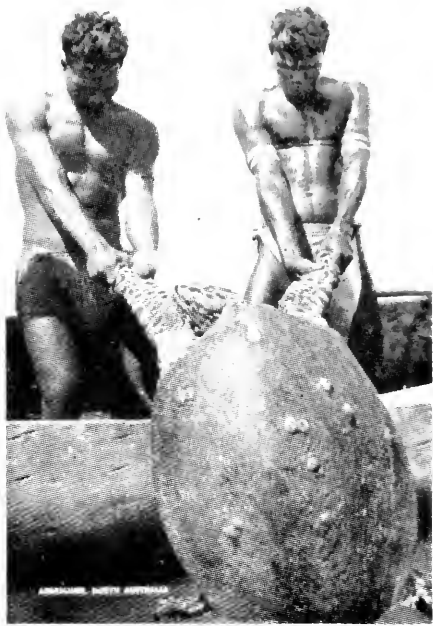
The gins, as the women-folk are called, adore their children and will sacrifice many luxuries for their picaninnies, which is the name for a baby, common to all tribes.

They live in camps of little bark huts when not on the move. They hold many ceremonies, the most famous one being the "corroboree". Any musical, singing, or dancing ceremony is called a corroboree. The participants in a corroboree paint designs with ochre on their bodies and then apply bird down on the front. They are always held at night and the participants mimic the noises and actions of animals before the rest of the camp who sit around in a circle watching them.

A religious ceremony is called a "bora". The religious beliefs of the various tribes are different but they are all either idol worshippers or nature worshippers. Many of their myths and legends are centred around their religion.

There are also many initiation ceremonies performed when a youth reaches adolescence or becomes a recognized warrior. One of these ceremonies is the "tooth-rapping" ritual. In this ceremony the patient's tooth is tapped out with a pebble. This and many other, worse initiation ceremonies prove that the Aborigine can endure much pain.

He is skilled in many things such as the making and throwing of boomerangs, spears and other food obtaining weapons. It is remarkable how they can get within spear throwing distance of a kangaroo when



on an open plain. The children are taught to hunt at an early age as it is their sole means of surviving in later life. When living in civilized areas they come in very useful as stockmen on cattle ranches. The police also hire them for black tracking, an art in which they are particularly skilled. They are taught from infancy to distinguish the tracks of animals and to be able to follow them without leaving tracks themselves and without making a noise. They make mocassins out of emu feathers or leaves, both of which leave no track.

Lately some of them have risen to great heights in the world of arts. One example is Albert Nametjira whose paintings have won him fame and fortune. But he still likes to live with his tribe painting parts of the great country which is really his.

Some of his tribesmen are copying him now and producing pictures almost as beautiful as his. Others have attained great heights in singing and have been sent to London; others are famous in the world of sports.

So I end, still thinking that they are one of the most interesting races in the world. Carne, Form Shell.

THE SPONGE AND WHAT IT IS

THE common sponge is a familiar object yet few people know what it really is. Most people wrongfully imagine it is sort of a seaweed. But the truth is the sponge was once an animal. There are sponges of all shapes and sizes. Some are the size of a pinhead and others the size of a man. Some are fan-like, some cup-like, some tree-like, and some are basket-like.

When sponges were first brought into use more than a century ago, they were imported from the Red and Mediterranean Seas to the other countries of the world. But after many years of study and exploration sponges were found off the north-east coast of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

Today most of the sponge fishing is done by expert Greek divers clad in modern diving suits and carrying with them mesh bags in which to collect the gluey strong-smelling masses.

After the sponges have been obtained from the ocean floor they are brought back to the harbour. From here they are sent to factories. After being dried in the sun they are roughly cleaned by hand. There is a thin skin over the sponge, and in all the pores and channels is a slimy, sticky substance which is the life matter. Some less experienced divers tear the sponges away from the rocks and crags with pronged forks, thus injuring the sponge. Many sponges arrive in a rough state

and need acid cleaning. After their bath the sponges are run through a mangle where much of the acid is squeezed out. Then after another thorough washing the sponges are placed on racks in a warm room and left to dry.

When quite dry they are trimmed to a suitable shape. All jagged ends are cut with a knife. The smaller sponges are trimmed by girls using scissors.

Finally the sponges are sorted according to size, to be exported.

Scott II, Form Transitus.

WAGGS LEARNS A LESSON

I HAVE a dog called Waggs, who is very inquisitive. He likes to poke his nose into everything. One day we went through the wood, in the summer, where the grass was high. Waggs saw something moving very slowly in the tall grass, and was very curious; so he ran over to poke his nose into it. I tried to call him back, but he would not come. So I ran over to him, and there I saw a porcupine curled up. Waggs started to sniff him; then the porcupine began to thrash its tail, and quills flew everywhere. So I grabbed a stick and hit the porcupine over its head, and it fell dead. Then I took Waggs home and got the pincers out of the drawer and tried to pull the quills out, but Waggs wouldn't let me—so I called my brothers to hold him while I pulled them out. I think Waggs learned his lesson!

—McCulloch III, Form II.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

TOM Hamilton was a little boy eight years old. He had saved up enough money to buy a bow and arrow. One day after school he went out for a walk in the woods with his bow.

Before long he spied a sparrow sitting on an oak tree. So he grabbed his bow and took great aim. Just as a man was walking down the path, he let go the arrow and it sailed right into the man's hat! All this, of course, warned the sparrow, so he flew away.

Tom ran too, dropping his bow as he ran. When he came back he found the man breaking his bow! Of course Tom started crying for he had saved up all his money for nothing! The man said, "Never shoot at any creature at all." And believe me he never did either!

Milbank—Form II-A

WITH THE HELP OF A DOG

Chapter I

JIMMIE GETS CAUGHT

JIMMIE and Chips were a boy and a dog. They were very good friends and they always went around together in the country near Ottawa. Jimmie lived in a little cottage, but Chips lived mostly outside the cottage in his doghouse. The cottage belonged to Jimmie's grandmother, and sometimes she let him have friends to stay there.

One day Jimmie had a friend up to the cottage to play cowboys. The boy's name was Tom Jones. Tom knew Chips because he had often visited Jimmie before. The two boys and the dog went out into the field to play, and they were all good friends.

Jim had wandered off to a corner of a field where he could not be seen. He was perfectly contented to be alone, but just then a bad thing happened. Jimmie had tried to cross a barbed-wire fence, and he got his leg caught on one of the barbs. He was helpless, but he thanked God that his heavy cowboy chaps had saved the barbs from getting right into his flesh. He could not be heard by Tom or Chips, who were with him, because he had some dog biscuits, nor could he be heard from the cottage. What was he to do? He certainly was in a bad state.

Chapter II

THE WONDERFUL SENSE OF SMELL

All at once Chips began to sniff. Then the sniffing grew to barking. Chips was after rabbits. He dashed in and out of the thickets with a rabbit right ahead of him. When the rabbit played a trick on him he did not know what to do.

Then Chips had a strange feeling inside him. The feeling for his master, or perhaps the feeling that something was wrong. He put his head up in the air and sniffed. He recognized the smell of his master crying. So he ran with all his might in the direction of the smell.

In the meantime, Tom also had noticed the absence of his friend and he began to call and look for him but he went the wrong way, and instead of coming any nearer to Jimmie, he was walking away from him.

Chips had found Jimmie in the same bad state. He tried to pull the barbs away so Jimmie could lift his leg out, but that did not work. So he started to run back. But standing right in front of him was a big brown bear. It was obvious that the bear wanted to attack!

Chapter III

THE FIGHT WITH THE BEAR

Chips was trying to run away from the bear, but the bear had got him in his arms. The struggle was going on near a railroad track,

and the whistle of a train startled the bear, and he let go of Chips. In that very second Chips was off. He scampered across the track with the bear after him. He was across just in time, for the train nearly hit him. But the train hit the bear right on the shoulder, and the train stopped. The engineer shooed the bear off the track. Chips was near, but he kept on running.

Chips headed right for the corner of the field in which Tom was but not when he knew the wounded bear was after him. Now he was running to the cottage for he knew that Jimmie's grandmother had a gun and could shoot the bear. He reached the cottage just in time, for the bear was nearly on him again. Chips barked and barked, and the grandmother came out of the cottage and saw the bear so she got her gun and shot the bear before it was too late. And then Chips was away again.

Chapter IV

HOW JIMMIE WAS SAVED

When Chips reached Tom, he began to bark and pull his trouser leg in the direction of his master. At first Tom did not know what Chips meant but he guessed that he wanted him to go in that direction. And so they went off to save Jimmie from the barbed-wire fence. A rabbit scampered right in front of Chips' nose but Chips did not run after it he kept right on going to save his master.

In the meantime Jimmie was in the same bad state. He could not budge his leg. When he saw Tom and Chips coming, he was very much happier. Tom had a little trouble in getting the leg out. His big jack-knife cut the wire, and Jimmie got his leg out.

That afternoon when the whole part of the story that the boys knew had been told to Jimmie's grandmother she said, "Chips not only saved his master, but he helped to get rid of the bear who had been trampling our garden." "He's certainly a loyal dog," said Jimmie, as Chips started up and ran after a rabbit. Woolcombe, Form II.

GREEDY JACK HORNER

LITTLE Jack Horner was six years old. His hair was coal black and his eyes were as blue as the sky. He was very fond of eating and the things he liked best to eat were pies, and cakes with chocolate icing.

One day his mother went up town to the market. She said before she went, "Now, Jack, we are going to have a party, and I have made eleven pies for it. You must not touch them." Then she went out, got in the Ford and drove to the market.

While she was gone Jack said to himself, "It will soon be lunch time and I am very hungry. I'll just take a piece of the pie that looks

the best." So he picked up a rhubarb pie. Later he ate the whole eleven. He felt less hungry then and went to his bed where he fell asleep.

When his mother came home from the market she said, "Where are all the pies?" Then Jack said, "I ate them all." "Oh!" said his mother, "come into the kitchen." There she punished him. Later she had to call the doctor who came and gave Jack some nasty stuff to take.

Mrs. Horner, while talking to a neighbour, said, "This will teach my son not to be so greedy, I hope." And so it did.

Bruce Hiney—Form IIb

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE WEST COAST

LAST summer holidays I paid my first visit to the West Coast with my parents. I was very excited.

On the morning of June 18, I had to go to school, but I did not want to do so. We called for Daddy at his office after afternoon school and found him very angry because he had lost his passport, but he found it in his overcoat pocket.

We all got into the car and on the way to Peterborough Mummy saw a groundhog and Daddy saw a hare. We stayed the night at a little place near Peterborough.

I woke with a start and found it was daylight, so I leapt out of bed and got dressed and woke Mummy and Daddy. We had breakfast and drove on to Peterborough where Daddy took me to see the newspaper being printed. This was very interesting.

We then drove on, and after a while we stopped for lunch at a place near Port Nicholas. While walking in a field after lunch Daddy saw a huge jack rabbit; then we motored on to Port Nicholas and got on the boat for the next part of our journey.

The next morning when I woke I saw the broad waters of Lake Huron all around us.

We played around on deck until about midday, when we called at a small port to put off and pick up some passengers. After lunch we passed through Sault Ste. Marie which was very interesting seeing the locks and canal.

Next morning we arrived at Fort William. We left the boat and got into the car again for the next part of our journey. We crossed the boarder into the U.S.A. and motored to Duluth where we spent the night.

The next part of the journey was across the prairie, which was interesting to see, but very tiring as it was all the same—miles and miles of flat land covered with grain. Then we arrived at an Indian reserve in Montana. We stayed the night near Medicine Lake in Glacier National Park and then went on to Banff, where we stayed for a day or two. We fished in a stream after being taken by a ferry which dragged our canoe behind it. We had gone about a mile up the river when we saw a wonderful sight. It was a moose—a lovely lady moose sitting in a bed of roses on the river bank. About half a mile further we saw and heard a bull moose trumpeting. Then we saw a huge band of elk led by a bull elk. They suddenly turned and fled because they were afraid of the moose.

The next exciting thing we did was to see the Stampede at Calgary. We saw the Bucking Bronchoes and all the Cowboys in their fancy clothes and Ranch colours. It was very exciting to see about ten of the cowboys turned out into the field to try and lasso about thirty steers. Then we saw them catching calves and tying them up as they do when they brand them.

Some of the cowboys who rode the bucking bulls must have had life insurance I think. One of them had two horses and stood with one foot on each horse and jumped over a car. There were so many exciting things but I cannot tell you it all. I can only tell you about the wonderful evening show with Chuk waggon races and a brilliant display of fireworks which lit up the sky.

Our next move was to motor down to Vancouver, get on the ship and cross to Victoria on Vancouver Island.

We spent a week at a lovely bay just outside Victoria where we swam and fished.

One night we got the equipment to go salmon fishing. We got a boat and Daddy was lucky. He caught a fourteen pound salmon.

A few days later we motored to Nanaimo where we got on the ship "Nanaimo" and went to Vancouver. From there we went for a few days to a wheat farm in Washington where I learned to drive a tractor.

Our next place of call was Yellowstone National Park. We motored straight to Old Faithful, the wonderful geyser which spouts every hour. It was a beautiful sight to see the white smoky spray mixed with the blue sky and the white clouds and the bright sun shining through it all. I met a very interesting Indian Chief called Black Eagle dressed in full war paint and his eagle plumes were glorious to see. He told me that his grandfather, who is still alive fought in the massacre of Custer.

We continued by Lake Michigan and Niagara Falls where we went on the Maid of the Mist right through the spray from the falls and into some tunnels where we could see the water pouring down in front of us. Then we continued our journey to Ottawa and arrived home after six weeks' wonderful trip.

This summer I am going just about as far in the other direction. I am going to England as soon as school closes and I am sure that will be just as exciting. I hope to see Rahul Khushwant Singh who was in Form I last year.

Vincent.—Form I



JUNIOR SCHOOL



PERSONALITIES

Angrave II—Born in Montreal 1940. Came to Ashbury Sept. 1948. Greatest wish: To own a German shepherd puppy. Greatest dislike: Dumplings.

Brouse II—Born in Ottawa 1937. Came to Ashbury Sept. 1948. Greatest wish: To be top of the form in spelling. Greatest dislike: Having to eat tomatoes.

Gale—Born in Brantford 1940. Greatest wish: Not to write a spelling exam. Greatest dislike: Creamed corn.

Kilcoin—Born in Washington, D.C., 1940. Came to Ashbury Sept. 1948. Greatest wish: To own a dog. Greatest dislike: Being teased.

Lancarie—Born 1940. Came to us this term from Czechoslovakia. He is quickly learning to speak English. Greatest wish: to have all the fruit in the world to eat. Greatest dislike: Mosquitoes.

Milbank II—Born in England 1940. Joined us in 1948. Greatest wish: To own a pony. Greatest dislike: Fighting.

Parsons—Born 1938 in Ottawa. Since coming to Ashbury in Sept. 1948 he has broken his leg again and has been in hospital for several weeks. We hope he will soon be better.

Scully—Born in Toronto 1939. He went to U.C.C. for 1 year and found us here last Sept. Greatest wish: To cross Canada by train. Greatest dislike: Rice pudding and fighting.

Stephen I—Born in Toronto 1940. Has finished his second year with us. The first in Div. B then he moved up to Div. A last year. Greatest wish: To own an electric train. He dislikes rice pudding and being pushed unexpectedly into cold water.

Stirling-Hamilton—Born in England 1940. Came to Canada on the Queen Elizabeth in Aug. 1948. Greatest wish: To stay with Johnny Millbank again—they had such fun we are told. Greatest dislike: Going to bed.

Sully—Born in Kingston 1939. Has completed his second year with us. Greatest wish: To own a million dollars. Dislikes getting up in the morning.

Vincent—Born in England 1939. Came to Ashbury Sept. 1948. Greatest wish: To visit every country in the world and learn its history. Greatest dislike: Fighting.

We have all written to and heard from our little Indian friend, Khushwant Singh. He is now at Haysham School, Hampstead, London. He writes us that he is the best football player in the school, he is also playing cricket, that his most precious possession is his Ashbury sweater and that he is going to have a dachshund puppy. Anthony Vincent hopes to see him this summer and we looking forward to hearing all the news of Rahul on his return.





THE RIDING CLUB

A GAIN, for a second year, we have had a Riding Club at Ashbury. Due to its popularity classes have been restricted to boys fourteen years and under, and even though Saturday morning detention has threatened to deplete our ranks, very good turnouts have been made. We have a very able instructor, Sergeant Margetts, formerly of the 4th Hussars and the R.C.M.P. Without his help and his horses little would have been accomplished.

This year we have been fortunate in receiving two prizes. One donated by Commander and Mrs. W. G. Ross and the other by Mrs. C. L. Ogden Glass. We plan to have a show at Margetts' Stables on June 8th when these prizes will be presented to the best all-round rider and the most improved rider, respectively.

Our Saturday morning rides would have been impossible without the help of Colonel E. G. Brine who gave unstintingly of his time to make this year a great success. I.G.S.



SCHOOL ROLL

ABBOTT, LEWIS WM.....	383 Stewart St., Ottawa	DREYFUS, HENRY.....	Managua, Nicaragua
ACHESON, GEORGE H.....	346 Somerset St. E., Ottawa	ECHLIN, PAUL R.....	404 Laurier Ave. E., Ottawa
ALEXANDER, BRIAN.....	Government House, Ottawa	ELMER, RICHARD.....	692 Driveway, Ottawa
ALEXANDOR, DAVID.....	68 Park Road, Rockcliffe	ESCHAUZIER, HENRI P.....	419 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe
ANDRIER, BERNARD.....	464 Wilbrod St., Ottawa	EVANS, ADRIAN M.....	196 Metcalfe St., Ottawa
ARTOLA, MANUEL R.....	Milanes 36, Matanzas, Cuba	FERGUSON, GRAHAM M.....	94 Glen Ave., Ottawa
BAER, FREDERICK W.....		FINLAY, JAMES H.....	
	4140 Cote St. Catherine Rd. No. 12, Montreal	FINLAY, KENNETH S.....	
BAILEY, LANCELOT O.....			c/o Caribbean Petroleum Co.,
	555 Laird Blvd., Town of Mount Royal		Maracaibo, Venezuela
BAILEY, V. J. RUSSELL.....		FOULKES, PHILIP B.....	100 Lisgar Rd., Rockcliffe
	555 Laird Blvd., Town of Mount Royal	FRASER, JOHN M.....	401 Hinton Ave., Ottawa
ANGRAVE, S. PAUL.....	158 Faillon St., Montreal	GALE, G. W. GORDON.....	14 Maple Lane, Rockcliffe
ANGRAVE, JOHN W.....	158 Faillon St., Montreal	GARDNER, MICHAEL I.....	
BALDWIN, JOHN R.....	375 Laurier Ave. E., Ottawa		4872 Côte des Neiges Rd., Montreal
BARBARO, JACQUES.....	107 Electric Ave., Ottawa	GENESOVE, BERNARD JACK.....	
BARON, WARREN.....	197 McKay St., Ottawa		1100 Wellington St., Ottawa
BEAVERS, PATRICK.....	Morrisburg	GILBERT, PETER GEO.....	132 Lisgar Rd., Rockcliffe
BEESELY, DONALD J.....	281 Kent St., Ottawa	GILL, ROBERT EVAN LAURIE.....	
BOYD, JAMES F.....	378 Holland Ave., Ottawa		180 Howick St., Rockcliffe
BOW, CHARLES F.....	154 Stewart St., Ottawa	GILMAN, PETER R.....	439 Richmond Rd., Ottawa
BRIGGS, CORNELIUS H.....	225 Clemow Ave., Ottawa	GORRIE, GRAEME H. V.....	
BROUSE, HENRY J.....	298 First Ave., Ottawa		300 King St. E., Brockville, Ont.
BROUSE, ROBERT F.....	298 First Ave., Ottawa	GOTTLIEB, HOWARD.....	310 Lakeshore Rd., Toronto
BROWN, DONALD W., 9 Lakeshore Rd., Beaconsfield		GRAHAM, DOUGLAS.....	72 Byron St., Trenton, Ont.
BROWN, GORDON W.....	8 Lambton Rd., Ottawa	GRAHAM, PETER D. G.....	48 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe
BROWNLEE, WILLIAM.....	266 First Ave., Ottawa	GRESLEY, WILLIAM P.....	61 Cartier St., Ottawa
BRYCE, WILLIAM R.....	8 Raleigh Ave., Ottawa	GRIMSDALE, THOMAS WM.....	Shell Petroleum Co.
BURGOYNE, NICHOLAS.....	Currie Barracks, Calgary		of Venezuela, Ltd., Refineria Cardon,
BUSK, RICHARD W.....	66 Waller St., Ottawa		Las Piedras, Estado Falcon
CARNE, GEOFFREY.....	95 Wurtemberg St., Ottawa	GUTIÉRREZ, DIONISIO, c/o 1468 Bishop St., Montreal	
CARRASCO, PATRICIO, 190 Buena Vista Rd., Rockcliffe		HALL, JOHN DONALD.....	
CARVER, PETER G. K.....	117 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe		c/o Canada Paper Co., Windsor Mills, P.Q.
CASTELLO, EDMUND.....	405 Park Ave., New York	HARGREAVES, PETER.....	6 Osborne St., Ottawa
CHERRIER, RICHARD.....	81 Somerset St. W., Ottawa	HART, I. CHRISTOPHER C.....	
CLARK, WILLIAM A.....	P.O. Box 109, Malartic		30 Kindersley Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
CAVIAS, APOSTOLOS.....	621 Echo Drive, Ottawa	HART, WM. LAURIE C.....	
COOPER, MICHAEL.....	c/o U.S. Embassy, Ottawa		30 Kindersley Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
COTTINGHAM, W. HOWARD.....	Box 118, Lachute	HAMILTON, IAN STEWART.....	
CRAY, GORDON T.....	56 Bayswater Ave., Ottawa		c/o E. B. Eddy Co. 1, Hull
CULLWICK, E. ROBERT A.....	11 Clemow Ave., Ottawa	HENEY, J. BOWER L.....	111 Cooper St., Ottawa
CUSTER, B. SCOTT, JR.....	316 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe	HENEY, DOUGLAS.....	111 Cooper St., Ottawa
CURRY, PETER STEWART.....		HINEY, BRUCE PETER.....	179 Irving Ave., Ottawa
	17 Marlborough Ave., Ottawa	HODGINS, DONALD G., P.O. Box 209, Shawville, P.Q.	
DALRYMPLE, WILLIAM.....	592 Driveway, Ottawa	HODGSON, JACK N.....	97 Park Road, Rockcliffe
DARBY, ROBERT W. G.....	354 First Ave., Ottawa	HUMBERT, RICHARD P.....	30 Russell Ave., Ottawa
DILLON, ARNOLD G.....	70 Stratford Rd., Hampstead	HARWOOD, CHARLES H. DEL.....	
			449 Echo Drive, Ottawa

- IRWIN, DONALD R. ——— Kazabazua, P.Q.
JOHNSON, DAVID F.
93 Sherwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.
KEMP, RICHARD E. B. 401 Wood Ave., Rockcliffe
KERR I, D. ROSS
329 Chester Ave., Town of Mt. Royal
KERR II, THOMAS A. M.
404 Laurier Ave. E., Ottawa
KUSHWANT SINGH, RAHUL T.
c/o India House, Aldwych, England
KILGORN, PETER M. 265 Daly Ave., No. 40, Ottawa
KOTZE, R. STUART 25 MacKay St., Ottawa
KOUTROULIS, APOSTOLOS
5301 Victoria Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
LANCARIC, IVAN 55 Renfrew Ave., Ottawa
LANGEVIN, PIERRE M.
434 Metcalfe Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
LEBOUTILLIER, C. PIERRE R.
"Havelet", Wayne, Penna.
LEE, WILLIAM J.
505 Beaconsfield Rd., Beaurepaire, P.Q.
LEMON, OLOF JEROME
59 Forden Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
LIVINGSTON, ARTHUR DAVID
22 Downing St., Ottawa
LUYKEN, HANS H.
Av. Abraham Gonzalez 141, Mexico City, Mexico
LYON, DONALD E.
74 Wellington St. N., Sherbrooke, P.Q.
MACCORDICK, JOHN H. Richmond, Ont.
MACLAREN, ALAN
Inverness House, Buckingham, Que.
MACNEIL I, ROBERT W. B. 114 Driveway, Ottawa
MACNEIL II, HUGH M. D. 114 Driveway, Ottawa
MACRAE, ARTHUR
495 Prince Arthur St. W., No. 2, Montreal, Que.
MAJOLI, MASSIMS 490 Wilbrod St., Ottawa
MALIK, HARMALA 318 Lisgar Rd., Rockcliffe
MANN, MICHAEL A.
Stonedene, R.R. No. 1, York Mills, Ont.
MANSUR, D. MICHAEL
5 Belvedere Crescent, Ottawa
MAXWELL, WALLACE A. 70 Bank St., Ottawa
McCULLOCH I, ALLAN D.
"Ridgewood", Lancaster, Ont.
McCULLOCH II, PETER C.
"Ridgewood", Lancaster, Ont.
McCULLOCH III, ROSS F.
"Ridgewood", Lancaster, Ont.
McINNES, HECTOR M. 108 Inglis St., Halifax, N.S.
MILBANK I, ANTHONY F. Rideau Cottage, Ottawa
MILBANK II, ARTHUR JOHN
Rideau Cottage, Ottawa
MORALES, HIRAM AVID Box 31, Pina, Cuba
NOWAKOWSKI, CHRISTOPHER 181 Frank St., Ottawa
PARKER, CHAS. F.
8652 Casgrain Ave., Montreal, Que.
PARSONS I, MALCOLM G.
337 MacLaren St., Ottawa
PARSONS II, HARLEUR PAUL
38 Rockcliffe Way, Rockcliffe
POIRIER, GEORGE A.
350 Stanstead, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
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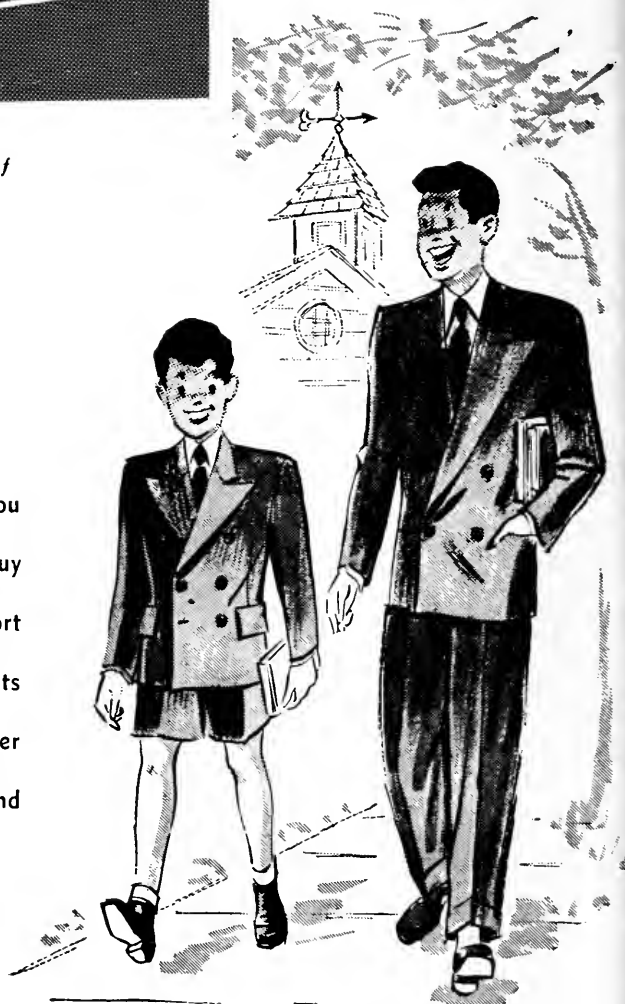
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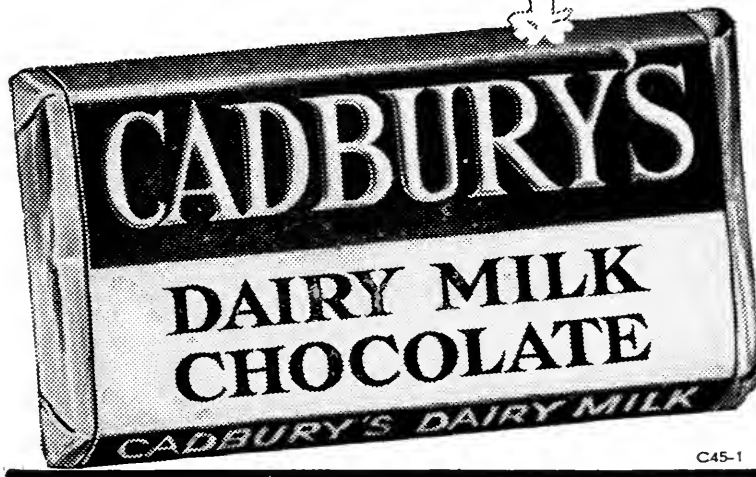
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